

FIRST AMERICAN MUSIC

John Powell coincides with The Advertiser that it is not in Negro Spirituals.

Last December The Advertiser took issue with composers of music who had incorporated so-called negro melodies in certain compositions as "the original music of America" and for authoritative opinions on the point raised. Miss Janet Gardner, musical correspondent of The Advertiser in New York, has obtained from John Powell the following interview on the subject. Mr. Powell is composer and pianist known throughout the musical world and a recognized authority on negro music. His "Negro Rhapsody" given in European concert during the tour of the New York Symphony Orchestra when he was solo pianist, was acclaimed in London, Paris, Berlin, Rome and Milan as the most exotic, sprightly and elegiac of all such compositions. It had previously been given similar high place by the New York critics. Mr. Powell believes with The Advertiser that the original music of America does not come from the negro spirituals or folk songs. The interview follows:

Everybody in America is enormously interested in the possibility of developing a distinctively American school of music. There is great divergence of opinion and partisan bitterness over this subject. The divergent groups may be classified under the following heads, which practically cover the whole field.

1. Red Indian School; 2. Negro School; 3. Stephen Foster School.

4. Ragtime School; 5. Ultra Modern School; 6. Anglo-Saxon Folk-Song School.

Group 1, Red Indian School—This school claims that a distinctively American school of music can be founded only on a distinctively American basis. There is no such, they claim, other than Indian folk-song. This claim is not valid. Indian folk-song is meagre and monotonous, of little intrinsic melodic value and of great formal poverty. It can be effectively used only in pieces of local color and character, and not in any broadly universal manner. It can never express the real American psychology as we are not Red Indians.

Group 2, Negro School—The adherents of this school claim that negro folk-song and negro spirituals offer a rich fund of melodic, rhythmic and harmonic beauty; that negro music is the most distinctively original of all the American musical phenomena and consequently should be made the basis of American music. This view is based on certain misconceptions.

First—The so-called negro spirituals are not fundamentally African. They are at best most invariably adaptations and distortions of the old revival and camp meeting hymns of the whites, changed to suit the more primitive and barbaric African psychology. The melodic anatomy and harmonic structure of these tunes are basically European and although the negro has added a certain charm of surface exoticism, their intrinsic emotional and aesthetic value remains purely African. Those of the negro songs which are genuinely African suffer from the same limitations as Indian folk-music.

Second—The most beautiful of the supposed negro songs were not negro at all, and not folk-songs, but composed by white composers, notably, Stephen Foster.

We Americans are not Africans. Consequently, a music based on African folk-songs can never express our psychology.

Group 3, Stephen Foster School—The adherents of this school claim that in Stephen Foster and other composers of his period we find a wealth of beauty characteristic of America that could be well used as a basis for an American school of music.

Unfortunately, the music of this period is so intimately associated with its own time (which we have long since irrevocably left behind—perhaps to our detriment) that it would be impossible for us of today to express our psychology by such means.

These tunes, not being real folk tunes, are not sufficiently rooted in our racial consciousness, and lack the simplicity and universality indispensable in a basis of a national school of music. They can be used advantageously, as can the negro and Indian themes, in pieces of local color, as is used gypsy music in his Rhapsodies.

Group 4, Ragtime School—Adherents of this school claim that in the popular American dance and song of the day we have a phenomenon distinctively characteristic of our land and our time, and that our present-day popular music could be used as a basis for an American school of music. Their contention would be well founded if the cabaret, vaudeville and musical comedy were typical of the American spirit.

It would be a sad day for us if this were true. The land of Washington, Jefferson, Clay, Webster, Lincoln, Davis, Lee and Wilson is surely worthy of a music higher than even the most glorified jazz which is incapable of expressing the deepest and best things in our national spirit.

Group 5, Ultra Modern School—The adherents of this school claim that America is a new country, developing new political and social forms, and a new type of humanity, possessing a distinctive psychology. They therefore assert that a real American music school be based upon an absolutely novel foundation, unhampered by any association with or derivation from the music idioms of effete Europe. They forget that music is a language and like all languages is the result of racial and social evolution. Its effect is produced by deep emotional and psychological connotation, which must grow and develop naturally, and which can never be arbitrarily or artificially manufactured.

As a matter of fact, the compositions of the adherents of this school, far from showing anything distinctively American, show less dissimilarity from the analogous European ultra-modernism than the more conventional American compositions show from the European classics. Imitators of Ravel, Stravinsky and Schoenberg can never express the vigor and sanity, the simplicity and unaffectedness, which are characteristic of the best in American life.

Group 6, Anglo-Saxon Folk-Song School—Adherents of this school claim that we can never have a national art until we have attained a really national consciousness. There can be no national consciousness until we have attained a real nationhood. A nation can no more be artificially created

than can a language.

They also claim that folk music has been the basis of all heretofore existing national schools of music, and that if we wish a national school of music in America it must also be based upon folk-song. They claim that the principles and ideals of America are Anglo-Saxon in their source. That the founders and fathers of this country were Anglo-Saxons; and that the best in American life is derived from these men. They claim that the only sound hope of an American nationalism lies in preserving to our country the Anglo-Saxon spirit, (at present in grave danger) in making this spirit the fundamental force in all nationalization and national activities. They assert that Anglo-Saxon folk-song of necessity bears the same relation to the hoped-for American music that the English language bears to our American literature. They point out that the recent labors of Cecil Sharp and others have uncovered a wealth of material unequalled by the folk music of any other people, both as regards intrinsic beauty and rich variety. Cecil Sharp, who began his activities in England, has recently continued them in America. He states that the field in America, especially in the Appalachian regions of the South, is richer even than that in England.

The contentions of this school seem to be well founded. For in Anglo-Saxon folk-song we, especially those of us who live in the South, find our own native musical idiom—an elastic material ideally adapted to expressing all those emotional and psychological forces which characterize the best in our American life. Musical creation on this basis will not only enable us to reach our highest achievement in the musical field but will constitute an incalculable political and educational force for the unification and co-ordination of those varying and often inimical elements which are threatening our very existence. Up to this time we have been an Anglo-Saxon nation, and please God, we propose to remain so.

MADAME SISSIERETTA JONES STILL ALIVE

Singer Who Charmed
Thousands Years Ago Living
Quietly At Home In
Providence, R. I.

DEATH RUMOR DENIED

"Greatly Exaggerated" Said
Madame; Old Triumphs
Are Recalled

Note.—Most musical authorities spell Madame Jones' first name "Sissieretta". The spelling of this article, however, follows Madame Jones' own signature of her letter to the AFRO-AMERICAN.

Madame Sissieretta Jones, Baltimore favorite concert singer of other years, is not dead.

She says so herself in a letter sent to the AFRO-AMERICAN from 7 Wheaton street, Providence, R. I., where she is living quietly and unmarried since the death of her husband, Richard Jones, well-known Baltimorean.

Rumors of Madame Jones' death flew thick and fast recently and many inquiries resulted. "Greatly exaggerated," is all Madame has to say when informed that she has been quoted dead.

Fifteen years ago Madame Sissieretta Jones was the idol of music lovers in this country and abroad. When she gave concerts here at Bethel Church and other churches, thousands flocked to hear her.

One of the old timers who remembers her very well is William Smith, 1012 Gilmor street who knew her when she went to Providence from her home in Portsmouth, Virginia at the age of fourteen. Mr. Smith introduced her to Richard (Dick) Jones, then a hatrack man in Narragansett Hotel, in Providence.

Madame Sissieretta was singing in the church choir with no thought of the great career that awaited her.

Dick Jones thought differently. He not only married the popular choir singer, but took her off to Boston and placed her in a conservatory of music. When she graduated and made her first public appearance, her career was assured.

Madame Sissieretta was commonly known as Black Patti and began to become popular about 1890. She sang with great success in all of the principal cities of Europe at the head of her own company, Black Patti's Troubadours. She appeared in every city of importance in the United States, West Indies and Central America. She toured at the head of this company for nineteen years, breaking all records of a female star of every race touring with the same company.

In later years Black Patti separated from her husband on account of his propensities to make bills then come to her for the money to pay them. Dick Jones' favorite stunt was to take a hat from the head of an acquaintance and step in the middle of it. The acquaintance would then send him a bill for a new hat and Dick would pass it on to Madame Sissieretta.

Many Baltimoreans remember her last appearance here at Holliday Theater under R. Voelckel, her white manager. Two of the songs she sang were, "You Can't Get Plums From My Plum Tree," and "Honey, Stay In Your Own Back Yard."

boys and girls last week.

An Operatic Novelty and Music Notes From Abroad

The Story of Max Schillings's "Mona Lisa," To Be Heard Here Next Season; Roland W. Hayes, the Korngolds and Others

By Katharine Wright

Last season Mme. Marie Jeritza, the Austrian soprano, made her debut at the Metropolitan Opera House in "Die Tote Stadt," an opera composed in his nineteenth year by Erich Wolfgang Korngold. Next season another German opera, "Mona Lisa," by Max Schillings, will be introduced to New York audiences, when Mme. Jeritza will again appear in a role in which she has attained success in German and Austrian cities. "Die Tote Stadt" is a dream opera with a prologue introducing the leading characters and an epilogue in which they are disposed of, having passed through imaginary adventures in the intervening acts.

The libretto of "Mona Lisa" bears a certain resemblance in structure to the story of "The Taming of the Shrew," which was one of last season's favorites, for in the prologue a lay brother, in the former palace of Messir Giocondo, relates to a bridal couple the story of the Florentine lady whose serious smile has been immortalized by Leonardo da Vinci. The tale is visaged for the audience in the succeeding acts.

About inquiring curiously into the historical accuracy of the incidents, the use of in her libretto by Mme. Marie Dovsky, here is the story as by the lay brother to the elderly groom and his youthful bride:

Mona Lisa was the wife of Francesco del Giocondo, a merchant prince of Florence, the owner of a sumptuous palace and a valuable collection of pearls. The jewels were kept in a shrine, built as a safe. The key to his treasure was jealously guarded by Francesco. Mona Lisa, bored with her husband's materialism, longed for romance and a secret lover. Del Giocondo, it seems, was forever trying to fathom the mystery of his wife's smile. This smile, caught by the celebrated painter, was not an everyday occurrence, and Giocondo wondered the more. A solution of the mystery, however, was at hand.

Mona Lisa's wish was answered in the arrival of the young Abbe Gio-

vanni, sent by the Pope to buy a pearl from Giocondo. Giovanni had loved Mona Lisa, but their romance was broken off by her marriage. With the appearance of the young ecclesiastic Mona Lisa not only smiles but resumes her interrupted romance. On an evening in carnival time the lovers are surprised by Giocondo. Like Paolo and Francesco, their only offense is a kiss. Giovanni attempts to conceal himself within the safe. The angry husband finds him, pushes him into its depths and locks the door. In Mona Lisa's presence he throws the key into the Arno, leaving Giovanni to his fate, for no man can live in the safe more than a few hours.

The second act opens on the morning of Ash Wednesday. Mona Lisa is grief stricken. Her lamentations are interrupted by Dianora, Giocondo's daughter by his first wife, who secretly brings her the key to the safe. It had fallen not into the river, but into her lap as she floated past the palace in a boat. On the pretext of desiring to wear a certain necklace Mona Lisa persuades Giocondo to unlock the safe, and as he does so she pushes him inside and turns the key. Her lover's death is avenged and his murderer is forced to meet a similar fate.

In the epilogue the lay brother recognizes in the young bride the counterpart of Mona Lisa. He longs to be a modern Giovanni, and as she leaves, dropping her flowers at his feet, he calls longingly after her: "Mona Lisa! . . . Mona Lisa!"

Reviewers who attended the first performance of the opera on September 26, 1915, at Stuttgart, and others who heard it in Berlin and Vienna differed in their opinions of its merits. Most of them quarreled with the libretto. The double murder seemed to them better suited to motion pictures than grand opera. Several claimed that Wagner, Strauss and Puccini were more prominent in the score than Schillings. How New York will receive the work remains to be seen.

Roland W. Hayes, negro tenor, whose admirable singing in recital has been admired here and in other American cities, has lately assumed a prom-

inent position in Paris musical life. Mr. Hayes left America two years ago. He then declared his ultimate destination to be Africa, where he wished to study negro folk music at its source. He first went to England, where he has remained until now. His London recitals, at which he sang music by French, German, Italian and English composers, as well as negro folksongs, attracted marked attention. He was commanded to sing before the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace and carried away a souvenir of the occasion in the form of a cravat pin, a gold crown adorned with the initials "G-M." in brilliants.

According to the Paris "Excelsior," Arnold Dolmetsch has been acting as the tenor's guide, philosopher and friend in Paris. His first public recital there will take place early in the autumn. Meanwhile, he has been singing at private houses and has already acquired a large following.

Erich Korngold and his father, Dr. Julius Korngold, spent some time in London recently. The young composer heard much music by the younger British composers and was particularly interested in the work of Arthur Bliss.

Writing in "The London Morning Post" early this month, Mischa-Leon paid tribute to Bliss's talent. He said in part:

"Still very young, this British composer represents the highest endeavor in British music. When one considers his genius, especially from the angle of native originality, it is seen that he fills a foremost place in modern British music and a place of importance in the greater world of tones. By a miracle he has avoided all direct influence. He has stepped forward by himself as a daring renewer of form, and has added strange and extraordinary elements to the creative powers of music. He has had intelligence and taste enough never to force his talent and never to overstep his own borders. This, in connection with the fiery enthusiasm of youth and a deep and sincere desire to combine impressionistic art with beauty, is the reason why all that he has written till now carries the stamp of his originality and his special sense of purity. The really great writer, be it in literature or in music, is recognized by this—that if one reads but a single page of his there is at least one phrase which only he could have written. According to this test Arthur Bliss is destined to be the coming English composer."

Harold Bauer lately made his first appearance in London since 1913.

was in that city forty years ago that the distinguished pianist appeared for the first time in public as a violinist, a calling which he pursued for some ten years. To English interviewers Mr. Bauer expressed extreme optimism as to the flourishing condition of music in the United States. He stated his conviction that in no other country in the world, except possibly Russia, is so much interest in musical events shown, and this interest extends to the smallest towns. He reported that during the period of the war there was a rapid and widespread growth in the appreciation of music.

Stravinsky's new ballet "Renard" has just been produced in Paris by the Russian Ballet. The scene is laid in a barn with a hen roost, and the characters, the Fox, the Cock, the Cat and the Goat. The Fox, disguised as a nun, catches the Cock, but his routed by his friends. Renard resorts to a second disguise, that of a hawk selling sweets. Another timely rescue saves the victim from being plucked alive. According to many who attended the performance, the music has little in common with the Stravinsky of "The Firebird" and "Petrushka," but represents the later and experimental Stravinsky.

FAMOUS MUSICIANS
Also-American
Thomas Green Bethune,
"Blind Tom"—Pianist
9-15-22
No. 6.

Thomas Green Bethune, better known to musical fame as "Blind Tom," was born near Columbus, Ga., May 25, 1849, apparently totally blind. Before he was two years old he began to manifest unusual interest in all sorts of sounds, but particularly those of any sort of musical nature. When the young mistress of the family of which he was a slave used to sit on the steps in the evening and sing, Tom would always come up and join in the singing.

When he was about four years of age, the family bought a piano and he was permitted to indulge his curiosity by running his fingers over the keys. He was of course not allowed to remain in the parlor, but as long as anyone was playing, he would remain in the yard near from whence came the sound. One night the parlor and the piano were left open and Tom having escaped from the room of his mother and his young mistress awoke in astonishment to hear him in the parlor playing one of her favorite selections.

He was not disturbed, and remained playing until morning when the family awoke and gathered around him to marvel at the

remarkable phenomenon. Thenceforth he was given free access to the piano and commenced playing everything he heard, all of which he soon mastered and began improvising his own tunes.

He would sit at the piano for hours at a time and then go out into the yard and play awhile and then come back and sitting at the piano, begin to play an entirely new tune. Asked what it was, he would reply: "It is what the wind said to me" or "what the birds" or "the trees said to me."

When he was six years old one of his eyes cleared up somewhat and he was able to discern small objects when they were held close to his face, and the improvement continued so that he could recognize persons whom he knew well at a few feet distance but for all practical purposes so to speak, his eyes were useless.

He was taught the technicalities of music all of which he learned without the least difficulty. "To teach him the notes was merely to sound them and tell him their names," says Trotter in his "Music And Some Highly Musical People." His fame soon began to spread and he in a few years became the greatest musical prodigy the world had ever known.

It was said that during his tours he was seen probably by more people than any human being alive. He played in almost every important city in the United States, in many of the smaller towns, and then went to Paris, after which he played in all the principal cities of England and Scotland.

Trotter says that he was complete master in the comprehension and retention of all sounds, was complete master of the piano-forte keyboard and remembered and played fully 2,000 pieces. Besides his own compositions chief among which was his famous "Rain Storm" he played selections from the works of Beethoven; Bach; Mendelssohn; Chopin; Rossini; Verdi; Bellini; Gounod; Myerbeer; Thalberg; Gottschalk; Liszt and Hoffman.

The Hyers Sisters, vocalists and pianists, will be the subject of our next sketch.—W. E. R.

Music, Poetry and Art - 1922

ART EXHIBITION OPENS AT BRANCH OF PUBLIC LIBRARY

An unusual exhibition of the works of Race artists was formally opened at the New York public library, 162 West 135th street last Tuesday. The exhibition will continue until October 7, and there will be special programs on Thursday evening of each week under the direction of Miss Jessie Fauchet, literary editor of the Crisis. Prominent speakers will talk on art and there will be vocal and instrumental selections by singers and pianists of note. The public is cordially invited to attend the exhibition, which is the second one to be given at the library in West 135th street. The emphasis this year is being placed upon the works of amateurs and upon the creative art of the Race. No copies are included in the collection. Miss Louise Latimer is chairman of the art committee and R. H. Lewis heads the exhibits committee. The hostesses of the exhibit, who include many well known women of the Race, are under the chairmanship of Mrs. William Dear Pickens. William Service Bell is business manager and Miss Ruth E. Whitehurst is executive secretary. During the exhibition two special programs will be furnished by Mrs. Daisy Taylor

in Des Moines Bystander several weeks ago noted a unique rendition of a radio program in that Western metropolis. It said:

New York Age
For the first time in the history of this city and as far as The Bystander knows, for the first time in history, members of our race furnished the talent for a complete radio concert last evening which was broadcasted from the fourteenth floor of the Register Tribune building in this city to over fifty thousand people, mostly members of the other race, who "listen in" through their wireless instruments throughout the state.

Following a brief address on "The Des Moines Negro" led a local attorney, there were vocal and instrumental numbers by individual artists, trio and quartets, a church chorus and a band. Whether any jazz music was included does not appear, but a "euphonium solo" probably proved ample compensation.

African Music at

Stadium Concert

Negro World
One of the pieces at the stadium concert the other night was the premiere of James C. Dunn's new "Overture on Negro Themes." It is a study of the "feel" of African music developed on American soil through the slavery period and after, not an adaptation of particular melodies.

As to the source of the thematic material the composer states that with two exceptions he is uncertain

of its derivation. One of these is derived from an old Negro song he heard as a boy sung by May Irwin and not lost to memory, "Way Down Yonder in Yankety Yank."

Song Writer Makes

Good On Broadway

Afro-American
Shelton Brooks Uncovered
As Author Of "All Night Long," "Walking The Dog" Etc.

Baltimore, Md.
(N. Y. Times) 7-28-22

When the curtain went up on "The Plantation Revue" at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre last Monday night, there stepped out on the stage as master of ceremonies a Negro composer and entertainer, who, though well known west of the Hudson and to some extent in New York, had never before appeared in a Broadway production. He was Shelton Brooks whose songs have reached many from the vaudeville stage and via piano players, phonographs, hurdy-gurdies and dance orchestras. Among the more popular of them are "Darktown Strutter's Ball," "Some of These Days," "All Night Long," "Walking the Dog," "Jean" and "The Bee and the Rose."

Brooks was born in Cleveland, Ohio, of theatrical parents, who, for many years, toured the South at the head of musical companies playing to Negro audiences. He made his stage debut in a plantation show at one of the Cleveland pleasure resorts. After three years' experience he went to Chicago as a member of the first Negro theatre established in America, it said. It was called The Pekin and its offerings ran from "levee shows" to Shakespeare.

Then came a vaudeville offer and Brooks began a five-year tour of the "two-a-day" circuit with a dancing, singing and story-telling act. As he himself puts it, "that circuit was the smallest time in the world."

While he was playing around Chicago Lew Dockstader's Minstrels came to town. In the company was Al Jolson. A call was sent out by Dockstader for a new song. Brooks supplied it. It was titled, "You Ain't Talking to Me." Jolson sang it. And Brooks began gathering in royalties with his initial composition. From then on he combined song writing with personal appearances in vaudeville.

MISCHA ELIMAN ON JAZZ.

Everything which relates to the Negro is a matter of controversy in the United States. Once it was a matter of controversy as to whether or not he had a human soul, then it became a matter of controversy as to whether he had brain enough to master education; and then as to whether or not he would relapse into barbarism if he were given his freedom, etc., etc.

Recently his contribution to American popular music has become a question of great controversy. One of the most successful plays on Broadway during the last season was one written to prove the bad effects of Negro popular music on the mind and morals of the nation. *New York Age* 7-22-22

In the preface to his book, "The Book of American Negro Poetry," this writer made a few modest claims for Negro popular music. He was at once jumped on by one of the most eminent musical critics of the country, Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, who denounced this form of music not only as worthless but as positively deleterious.

Now comes Mischa Ellman, the great violinist, just returned from Europe who, in an interview given to reporters, had the following to say:

"Jazz has simply taken Europe by storm. One hears it everywhere. To me it has vast musical possibilities. Out of its wonderful rhythms will grow new ideas. It will become known as the American classical music."

"I think we should have a national conservatory of music at Washington, so that composers of jazz and other music should be free to study and develop their art without financial disability."

It is a strange thing that the American musician and composer is the only one who can see nothing good, nothing worth while studying, nothing worth while developing in Negro popular music.

In The *New York Age* of Music
By Lucien H. White 7-22-22

The Negro Spiritual's Place

When I wrote two weeks ago concerning the "Desecration of 'Deep River,'" as evidenced by the setting of its melody to a modern jazz form in one of the Creamer & Layton compositions, "Dear Old Southland," there was a thought in my mind that perhaps that article should go further and take up other of the Spirituals which had been profaned in like manner. "Swing low, sweet chariot" was one melody which has been so desecrated, and there are others which have been used by composers whose ideals evidently ascended higher than the money level.

There have come to me a number of comments concerning this matter, and what is most unusual to a music reviewer accustomed to having his opinions meet with hot contradiction, every expression received has been commendatory. Perhaps those who differ with me are waiting for a change in the weather so that the heat of their argument

may be tempered somewhat. Seldom does this column find space for laudatory expressions, mainly because they are seldom received.

But one letter has come to me concerning the expression with reference to the misuse of "Deep River" that compels and demands that readers of this column be given a chance to peruse it. I am taking the liberty to print it without the formality of asking permission from the writer, in the hope that if offense is taken he will condone it because of the reviewer's desire to enlist his aid in combating an execrable and undesirable condition.

Mr. George Foster Peabody, a Southern born white man, but whose interest in the Negro race has been shown through years of constructive philanthropy and wise use of his great wealth writes the editor of The New York Age as follows:

(Copy) YADDO

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
July 9, 1922

Dear Mr. Moore:

Will you please send this to Mr. Lucien H. White that he may know how very worthwhile and timely I think his fine article on "Desecration of 'Deep River'" is. Nothing is of greater importance than that we reverence the high and deep things of life and the rich treasures of the Negro Race in these splendid Melodies, and their sacred and holy association with words fraught with deepest significance is one of the true and eternal possessions of our American Democracy—one that the Negro must come more and more to know and understand and make real to his white brethren who are today ignorant as to the great riches of this one-ninth of our population.

If Mr. White has not a copy of Negro Folk Songs and Education for Life, I should be glad to have them sent to him.

I would also if possible like to have Mrs. Zackery know of my personal appreciation of her splendid exemplification of the refinement and true culture which is so often revealed as one of the latent qualities of your people.

Yours truly,

(Signed)

GEORGE FOSTER PEABODY

Mr. Fred R. Moore,
The New York Age,
New York City.
at the regular evening service hour. For these recitals the services will be secured of the most distinguished artists of the race from all sections of the country, and the movement will be watched with great interest.

Contemporary American Musicians

No. 228
R. Nathaniel Dett

R. NATHANIEL DETT, composer, was born in Drummondville, Ontario, on Oct. 11, 1882. He received his education at Niagara Falls public schools, at Niagara Falls Collegiate Institute and at Columbia and Harvard Universities. He began playing by ear when a small child and first received free tuition in music in his native village. Later he studied with Oliver Willis Halsted at Lockport, N. Y., at Oberlin Conservatory and Harvard University. He made his debut at the Philadelphia Academy of Music, in 1908, and subsequently was heard in Chicago, Boston and other places in programs of original works.



R. Nathaniel Dett

He held posts of musical director for three years at Lane College, Jackson, Tenn.; for two years at Linevan Institute, Jefferson City, Mo.; and for nine years has directed music work at the Hampton Institute. He won the Bowdoin Prize at Harvard in 1920, for an essay on the "Emancipation of Negro Music" and also the Francis K. Boott Prize for his motet, "Don't Be Weary, Traveler."

Mr. Dett has written many compositions for piano, violin and voice which have been performed by leading artists. Among his best known works are "Listen to the Lambs," sung by the Elgar Choir of Toronto, Columbia University Chorus and Norwalk Music Festival; "Juba Dance" played by Grainger and other pianists in concert; "Chariot Jubilee" sung by the Syracuse Festival Chorus, and by Lambert Murphy with the Cleveland Orchestra. Mr. Dett is conductor and organizer of the Hampton Musical Art Society, which has 800 members. He is chairman of the advisory board of the National Association of Negro Musicians.

ROLAND HAYES TELLS OF LONDON SUCCESS

Afro-American
A Letter To AFRO Editor Famous
Tenor Says His Art Has Been
Recognized There
Baltimore, Md.
8-18-22
London, England,
August 8, 1922.

To the Editor:

Your letter was forwarded to me from Paris and I received it here a few days ago. However the paper have not arrived as yet. I am indeed charmed to receive your most kind letter and more especially am I much gratified to realize that after two years of absence from my home and friends that I am not forgotten and that there are still those who are watching my doings here with interest. For the last I am particularly grateful, for it is for my race and my people that I am endeavoring to win places of honor in my chosen profession, and if possible, make the way a little easier for those who may follow the same trail in future years. I shall either help or hinder just so much, and the former is the thing I am giving my life, energy, and means to.

As for my work on this side of the great Atlantic, I can only say that my efforts have so far been crowned with the most satisfactory and encouraging results. When I tell you that the best of Great Britain and of France have seen merit in my work and have been moved of themselves to give recognition to same, and in addition to this recognition have given me a place in the front rank of vocal artists, you will easily know how successful I have been so far. In all of this, however, I have not been alone, for I have had with me ever since I have been over here, a worthy and able co-adjutor in one Mr. Lawrence Brown (accompanist, whose work has also met with great favour.

I find my work here most agreeable and there are no obstacles to prevent my going as far and as high as my Artist wings can take me. This—as you may easily imagine is of great comfort to me. There is great scope here for that one of our race who has something to say for himself—racially. I mean—in addition to that he has acquired of the white man. We have something very valuable, a contribution which we must develop and give to the

world; and the nations are now ready and are waiting for our contribution. We must not copy too much. Oh! there is so much that I would say if only there were time and space here, but there is not, so I must bring my letter to a close now. One day I shall try and compile some matter I have and send along. I keep so very busy that I have but little time for doing things not directly in line with my work.

P. S. Mr. William L. King, pianist, of Philadelphia, is now in England for further work and development of his extraordinary gifts. I am happy to see him and we may well look forward to a fine contribution from him as his talent is unmistakable.

ROLAND HAYES

NEGRO ACHIEVEMENT IN ART

Times ETC
Boston, Mass., August 1.—It is growing a busy scene in the fine arts room of the Boston Public Library, where great interest in the arrangements of the coming library show of negro achievement and abolition memories for the whole month of October, 1922. This exhibit promises to be of much interest to the educators of the country and in its conduction quite an opportunity will be afforded to those of the colored race, as everything is being planned to give visitors the proper welcome. Mrs. Maud Cuney Harbert has been appointed as director of the committee on literature, art and music with Miss Louise W. Brooks, a white lady of considerable wealth and greatly interested in the Negro. Photographs and literature illustrating individual and organized achievement in literature, art, music, law, medicine, statesmanship, war, education, social service, theology, science and industry are solicited and must be received by September 15, 1922. Mrs. Florida Ruffin Ridley, chairman exhibition committee, 558 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Chicago Defender
Exhibit of Racial Art Is Praised
Remarkable Display in

Public Library at Boston Is Shown

So numerous are the contributions of persons of African or Negro descent to the artistic, literary, professional and industrial wealth of the world that it was found possible to no more than indicate them at the exhibition of Negro achievements which opened at the Boston Public Library, remarks a writer in the Christian Science Monitor. The material that has been brought together there from many sources is so classified and fundamental that it is both enlightening and stimulating. It is seldom that the public has been given an opportunity to view such a presentation of the work and accomplishments of people of the Negro race.

While the exhibition is as yet far from complete, enough is in place to hold attention for several hours. Following the exhibit an important part of the collection will go to form the nucleus of a permanent exhibit of historical works, pictures and periodicals representing every line of Negro achievement. This will be dedicated to the memory of Miss Maria L. Baldwin, for many years a teacher in the Cambridge, Mass., schools and for several years master of the Agassiz school in that city, and a noted civic worker among her people. A portrait of her is a feature of the exhibit.

True Progress

Books, pamphlets and histories displayed under glass carry the visitor back to the early centuries when the Negroes occupied a more conspicuous place on the political stage than they do today. From these dim beginnings the line is traced along to the Negro of today, forging ahead in all lines of modern activity.

On a wall hangs a beautiful painting, "The Flight Into Egypt," by Henry O. Tanner, foremost among American Negroes in modern art, whose works may be found at the Luxembourg in Paris and in public and private galleries in the United States. Near by is a landscape by Edward Bannister, painted in the early '60s, whose work was accorded much attention in those days when Negro culture was less an accepted fact in the United States than it is today. Other contributors to this section of the exhibit are Miss Laura Wheeler of Cheney, Pa., Samuel O. Collins of Washington, D. C., Albert A. Smith of New York City, and William E. Scott of Indianapolis, Ind.

Paul Laurence Dunbar, "poet laureate" of the Negro race, has a prominent place in the exhibition. Next to him, among modern writers, the works of W. E. B. DuBois, D. D., author, educator, orator, and editor, are placed, with books by Alexander DuRoi and his son and others whose writings are familiar to the general reading public. Of particular interest in New England are several books by Phillis Wheatley, native African and a slave, servant to John Wheatley of Boston in the pre-Revolutionary days when slavery was tolerated even in that city.

Abolition Movement

Much attention is given to the abolition movement in New England. One case is given over to the memorials

of John Brown, his diaries, autograph letters, a lock of his hair, the speech he made just previous to his execution. There are souvenirs also of William Lloyd Garrison, the Higginson, Elliot, Hallowell and other New England families who were active in securing freedom for the Negro race.

Accomplishments of the Negro in music are well set forth. These cover African and Afro-American "spirituals" or folk-songs, modern compositions, musicians and singers, among them George Bridgetower for whom Beethoven wrote the Kreutzer Sonata. It was Bridgetower and Beethoven who first rendered this wonderful work from the manuscript.

Meta Vaux Warrick Fuller has several works of sculpture, notably a figure of "The Future," with veiled face and groping hands and a small piece of "Mother and Child" vividly portraying the love that binds these two.

Pictures, Charts

The place of the average Negro in the world today is well shown by means of pictures, charts and statistics. By them it is shown that the Negroes of the United States are conducting 60 benevolent institutions and more than 72 banks.

It is estimated that they contributed \$225,000,000 to the liberty loans, thrift stamp movement and so on. It is shown that Negroes own 44 per cent of all farms of the South and that they have established 56,000 business enterprises doing a volume of business amounting to \$1,200,000,000 annually. To the Negro is given the credit for "inventing" those American delicacies, ice cream and the Saratoga chip.

Side by side with the Negro men, the Negro women are given place even to the annals of the late war, when two Negro women were numbered with those who served their country and the world with the American Expeditionary Forces across the water.

Mr. Roland Hayes's Concert.
Mr. Roland Hayes's song recital on October 19th, at Wigmore Hall, when his programme will include selections from Mozart, Caccini, Paradies, Brahms, Schumann, Jean Ten Have, Fauré, Léon Moreau and Roger Quilter. Tickets, from 3s. to 12s. (including tax), may be had from the Wigmore Hall box office and the usual agents, also from Messrs. Ibbotson and Tillett, 19, Hanover Square, W.1.



BOSTON MASS C & MONITOR
OCTOBER 3, 1922

Miss Maria L. Baldwin

Picture of Former Principal of Agassiz School in Cambridge Shown at
Exhibition of Negro Progress in Boston Public Library

NEGRO ACHIEVEMENTS RECORDED AT BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

Accomplishments of Race in Artistic, Professional and
Industrial Field Are on View

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The exhibition is to remain on view during October.

PULLMAN PORTERS' CHORUS AND BAND SCORES IN EAST

Pittsburgh, Pa., Oct. 30.—Major N. Clark Smith, supervisor of the Pullman chorus, band and orchestra, is doing splendid work in the East in establishing Pullman porters' musical organizations in the leading cities. Beginning in Washington, D. C., on Aug. 10 instruction has been given over 700 men, not including private work in voice, violin, reed, brass and drums. Philadelphia has a full band and glee club, New York City, two bands and orchestras; Boston, a chorus, band and orchestra; Buffalo, a band and three quartets, Pittsburgh, where they have just arrived, a big chorus and fine orchestral band.



Major Smith

Lectures have been given on musical theory, appreciation, the art of proper breath control and it is predicted that this army of men will become a force in musical circles of their respective cities.

The Pullman company is not altogether altruistic in the plan to foster and encourage the singing ability of its employees and this includes both whites and Race men. Major Smith

has an ambition and that is to develop Negro spirituals symphonically and in this connection his transcriptions for orchestra have been played by the Kansas City Symphony orchestra. There is also a promise from Rudolph Ganz, director of the Cincinnati Symphony organization, that he would put on his program two of the Negro spirituals arranged by Major Smith.

With the prospective organizations to be formed among the Pullman employees there will be no lack of vehicles with which to transport his productions into a public hearing.

The Lynching

the nation
By DON C. SEITZ
12-27-22

Blend of the tiger's snarl
And jackal's bark
The growling of the crowd
Creeps through a night
Pitted with torches
In whose tawny blaze
The darkness blackens—
The compound voice of cowards
Hidden in the gloom,
Poured from thin throats
Dry with the thirst for blood,
Yet not too loud to dull
The creaking of a cord
And one last gasping plea:
"For Gord's sake, gen'lemen,
Don't!"

Fisk Jubilee Singers *Chicago Whip, Chicago, Ill.* *11-11-22*

Fisk University is one of the leading institutions of its kind in this country. Fisk has produced some of the leading scholars of the black race. She is the mother of DuBois and Haynes. Yet she clings to the memoirs of slavery and seeks to perpetuate the old slave songs. The Fisk Jubilee Singers, educated sons and daughters of the black race, are now on a northern tour. They sing those old songs that bring back the dread memories of the overseer's lash and the auction block. Hear them sing "O, Rock Don't Fall on Me" and "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," and then leave in disgust, wondering if that is what higher education and a broader vision does for us. Southern schools send quartets and singers up north each year singing these Misereres of Bondage. Too bad. It is time we forgot them. Fisk should abandon her Jubilee songs.

SPIRITUALS WITHOUT THE SPIRIT

Christian Recorder
Phila. Pa.
10-12-22

They used to call them "plantation melodies," but call them "spirituals" now. The glee club sang "Swing Low Sweet Chariot." Its harmony was perfect, it was a wonderful arrangement of the old familiar Negro melody, which should have pleased the most technical musical critic, but it did not grip the audience. Had it been any other place except the church, there would have been spontaneous applause. One was tempted to say, "Isn't that grand?" but it is doubtful if the congregation caught the idea of the original singers of "Swing Low Sweet Chariot."

Then the glee club sang "Steal Away to Jesus" and "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen," and the congregation experienced the same sensation. We were changed from a church meeting to a concert. The emotions were pleasurable, but not spiritual. We were tempted to applaud, but not to commune.

All this leads us to ask: "Are the various glee clubs in these modern times which are interpreting Negro spirituals, really interpreting them?" "Do they really get into the soul of the music, or the soul which inspired the music?" We suspect that the present day Negro approaches the so-called Negro spiritual from the same point of view that the average white man approaches it. The average white man never having had the experience in his life that calls for the expressions so aptly portrayed in this music, does not understand it, and is of course, amused at it. To him, it is the expression of

a simple-hearted people who were lead by a blind faith, and he is amused at it. They real heart burns, and soul struggles he does not know. It is a sort of spiritual hilarity, religious fun to him, and it cannot affect him as it should. But the children of the slaves should feel differently. These songs should mean more to them, their interpretation should be real.

We heard on one occasion a distinguished Negro musician and chorus director lead "Away Down Yonder By Myself, Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray." This musician had studied abroad, had a national reputation, but the effect upon the audience was not the effect of serious worship, but rather the effect of hilarity. People were not even lead to pity the people who sang such songs, but rather to mock them.

It appears to us that our musical people should make an attempt not only to preserve the words and some semblance of the melody of these old time songs, but the most important thing to preserve is the spirit which they represent—that wonderful faith in God which is always but the saving of mankind.

Mr. Ronald Hayes's Recital.

West Africa
11-18-22
I am glad to hear that we are to have a further opportunity of hearing that superb singer, Mr. Roland Hayes, before he returns to America. On Friday, Nov. 24th, he is to give a recital at the Æolian Hall, and he is to be accompanied on the platform by Mr. Lawrence Brown, that superb pianist. Mr. Hayes's programme is to include songs old and new, and he will make a feature of spirituals.

BEAUTY DEFINED.

West Africa
12-2-22
Solemn, majestic beauty, like the mournful dirge of the deep,
Fanciful, fairylike beauty, like dew on the eyes of sleep;
Rugged beauty unhidden, in the sunset and the wild,
Modest beauty unhidden, in the innocent heart of a child.
The unrestrained beauty, of the strength of a struggling heart,
The deep, still, burning beauty, true love will oft impart.
The curve of the wind-swept grass, the hue of the flowers,
The soft, shy beauty pervading all Nature's inmost bowers;
Wild beauty, fair beauty, still beauty, fanciful beauty
form one perfect whole,
In the height, the depth, the intensity of life within man's soul!

GLADYS MAY CASELY HAYFORD.

Preservation of Negro Folk Music Object of A New Work

New York Age 9-9-22
Organization of Employees of Sleeping Car Company Said to Be Based on Desire Also to Make Men More Cheerful and Better Satisfied

I told briefly last week of the work which had been inaugurated by the Pullman Company of Chicago which has for its object the organization and development of a Pullman Porter's Chorus, with band and orchestral auxiliaries, and of the employment of Major N. Clark Smith of Kansas City, Mo., as director and instructor.

With Chicago as headquarters it is not surprising that the Chicago district should show greater progress than other sections. A photograph shows twenty-seven men grouped as a band, with Maj. Clark added, forming the musical aggregation which represented Chicago on July 30, 1922. The work was only begun in the Spring, about April, to be exact, and it is to be noted as an accomplishment of considerable proportions that at least four choruses, with quartets, bands and orchestra had been developed to the first of September.

The first public demonstration of the porters' musical ability was given on April 22 and 23, when three specials moving out of Chicago for the meeting of Knights Templars Commanderies at New Orleans were manned by crews that made up a singing aggregation. It is noted that these men, by their singing, pleased the passengers and made a big hit in New Orleans during the convention.

Since then Major Smith has been released from duties that kept him in Kansas City a part of the time and he has been giving his attention to New York, Philadelphia and Washington.

In Washington there has been formed a chorus of sixty men, with orchestra, under leadership of Charles H. Jones and Thomas Miller. The officers are Bradley Smith, president; P. A. Anderson, vice-president; A. M. Brown, secretary. There is an excellent quintet led by Mr. Miller.

Philadelphia reports a band of thirty men, all fully equipped with their own instruments, under Thomas M. Blanton, bandmaster, and a chorus and glee club of twenty voices under leadership of A. D. Gates. The latter group intends increasing the number to fifty voices prior to entering the contest to be held in Chicago the coming Winter.

There are two divisions which make New York City headquarters, the Grand Central division, with rooms at Mott Haven, and the Pennsylvania, with activities centered at Sunnyside, Long Island. It is stated that on occasion of the recent Field Day program pulled off by the Pullman Porters' Athletic and Field Day Association at McCombs Dam Park on August 22, the Mott Haven yards, with two days' notice, furnished a band of twenty-one pieces, composed of men who already owned their instruments. The men who mobilize under Superintendent Cook declare their organization will number fifty in a short while. They are under the leadership of Porter Totten.

The men of the Pennsylvania district, under Superintendent Mitchell, are not so far advanced, but they are purchasing their set of instruments from Carl Fisher's Music House and are determined not to fall behind. This is the last group to be organized by Major Smith, and he is devoting considerable time to them.

According to published announcements the Pullman Company is not altogether altruistic in this plan to foster and encourage the singing ability of its employees (for, as a matter of fact, the plan is not really confined to the colored men). Major Smith tells me that all ranks of Pullman employees are urged to join in this movement and as they take hold of the proposition, they are formed into musical companies. But, with nine thousand Negro employees

on the pay roll, it goes without saying that this section will furnish the largest number of musical devotees.

There is a two-fold object behind this enterprise. The company believes it

nized form which could be used and melody and harmony which gives to the compared to that of any other people.

Major Smith was well equipped for the field of the Chicago Musical College orchestration by Dr. Felix Borowski. He had the benefit of advice and America's greatest orchestral conductor.

As a sample of the fidelity with which the original idea in his arrangement of folk "Thunder," possesses striking value. I Roland Hayes sang it in his final recorded by Hayes it was about the most this city had heard. It was based on the power of an angry god of thunder, and had picked up during his travels and. It is absolutely faithful to the five-ton-ticated accompaniment.

Other compositions by Major Smith knows like "Jesus," from the familiar "Couldn't hear nobody pray," for male choir on "Swing low, sweet chariot," to "Jesus"; and then there is the "He orchestra, denominated as a one-act f

As to the last named composition putting the Negro melody into any cast and stamp, nor does it strike me Kelly Miller, so I judge the title is Major Smith has an ambition, and a symphonically, and in this connection, played by the Kansas City Symphony from Rudolph Ganz, director of the g he would put on his program two of t Smith.

To quote from Major Smith him

"It is interesting to know the musical traits through more than a century of civilization. They use this smooth flowing intervals, both in the past and present, and were influenced by other scales, or —it being the most primitive. —against their oppressors, our folk melodic and rhythmic instinct to and here is the essential ingredient songs. That is, the ability to build later, the composition of these bits these facts in mind. I have tried to develop these melodies into a large number of compositions, violin and piano duets, fantasias."

Certainly, with the prospective Pullman employees there will be no lack of productions into a public hearing.



Pullman Porters' Chorus, Band and Orchestra, Chicago, Ill.



Pullman Porters' Band, as It Appeared at Field Day Sports at McCombs Dam Park, August 22, Under Auspices Porters' Athletic Association, Mott Haven Yards, New York Central Division, New York City.

When Black Meets White

By John L. Hill

ALBANY GA. NEWS (The Associated Negro Press)

SEPTEMBER 16, 1922

The old time religious and were the naturally musical and folk songs of the colored people, of weird and mournful threnody, are unlike anything crudely poetic expression of souls in bondage, moulded and tinged by hope within and despair without. They were the

product of a time, type and clime, within themselves immortal, but creatable only by the then existing conditions which have passed forever.

These songs early became a vital part of Southern life. They were sung by the slaves on the old plantations and at their religious meetings. Later they were revived, and by the world famous Fiske Jubilee Singers, were given in grand concert in all the principal American cities, and likewise all over Europe, appearing, it is said, before most of the crowned heads of foreign countries. Much of the money for the founding and maintenance of Fiske University at Nashville, Tennessee, was raised in this way.

That the genius of the Negro for original production in music was not limited to the old time songs is evidenced by the fact that the most modern and "popular" of all instrumental music, "Rag-time" and "Jazz" are as distinctively his own as was "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," or any other of his earlier products.

The soul of the Negro is melodious and rhythmic. It is readily responds to the spirit of the times, yields to the movement of the masses and expresses itself in original music. His earlier bondage, poverty, and despair were given vent through the mournful songs of the old time Negroes. But the modern Negro, far removed from the sorrows of his ancestors, quick to catch the trend of this ragged "jazzy" age, immediately sat it to music, and forthwith put the whole world a-wiggle under its magic spell.

In characteristic production the colored race in America so far has been more musical than literary. This is true because musical expression, though crude, is easier than literary expression; more technique is necessary to the latter than to the former. The Negro has given us distinctive music because his is a distinctive life, and his music is the expression of his racial, as well as his indi-

vidual life. In this respect he is superior to the white man.

Another distinct contribution of the Negro to American thought, expression, and life is his form of speech, racial accent, form of language construction, and the resultant literature. While Negroes, as a class, have not been prolific producers of literature, their life, humor, philosophy, folklore, and distinct linguistic expression have been copied by many white writers, and these successful imitators together with Negro authors have given us all that is distinctively American in literature.

In addition to the articles in various numbers of the Journals of The American Folk-Lore Society, the "Uncle Remus" stories by Joel Chandler Harris "Negro Myths From The Georgia Coast," by Charles C. Jones Jr.; "Bre Rabbit In the Folk Tales of the Negro," by J. M. McBryde; "Geechee Folk-Lore" by Monroe N. Work, etc. with current magazine stories by Irvin Cobb, Octavus Roy Cohen and others are illustrative of a peculiar class of literature, at once the most engaging and amusing in American publicity, solely produced or inspired by the Negro.

While old time Negroes as a class did not understand the rules of Grammar, their naturally musical speech so influenced pronounced language in the South as to render it the most beautiful, in all the land. Charles Dickens, while visiting in America said: "Virginians speak the most beautiful English in the world." No other language on earth is so musically mellow and soulfully expressive, as grammatical English, accented and inflected by the Negro's natural style. This in a pronunciation, is mongrel in character, is a very distinct contribution to the beauty of spoken language. It is a pity that so many Negroes themselves, scattering over the whole country, are losing the characteristic speech of their ancestors.

In native wit and humor, not excepting the Irish among us, Negroes are the richest in America. They have given us the quaintest philosophy, finest humor, and keenest wit in absolutely original form.

When asked if he could do a certain thing, an uneducated Negro, with his native ability to answer both humorously and forcefully, said: "Boss, that's the one thing I can't do nothing else but."

The humorous philosophy of another was expressed in his remarks to a friend who was engaged in an altercation with a belligerent colored man who drew a gun and threatened to shoot. The colored bystander, when his friend was expostulating with the combatant to "Put up dat gun—doan shoot me wid dat thing," exclaimed, "Jes le'im shoot! Le'im shott ef wan's to, you got do law on yo' side!"

We are compelled to give very marked consideration to a race that despite greatest handicaps has made marvelous progress in the ordinary walks of life common to all classes, and in addition, has made distinctive and original contributions to their country in the most vital phases of music (secular and sacred), language, literature, and humor. These things, unquestionably, the Negro have done.

If, within fifty years, considering point from which they started the difficulties which had to overcome, the little or nothing expected of them, they have done so much now, since they are coming into their own, to what extent may they not achieve within the next fifty years?

Claude McKay, Poet
10/4/24 Arrives In London

London.—(Crusader Service)—Claude McKay, the Jamaican poet whose poems have stirred millions of colored people throughout the world, arrived in London to-day on his way to the continent.

Mr. McKay has been in England before and is well-known in radical circles here. He states that he will

remain only a few days in London, going on to the continent almost immediately, from where he will send occasional news despatches to the "Crusader Service" on European affairs and politics as they effect the colored races of the world.

Roland Hayes Winning Praise in Europe
Winning Praise in Europe
Winning Praise in Europe

12-1-22
Musicians in many parts of Europe are interested in the growing fame of a man of the black race who sings German songs, and to whom the Berlin Tageblatt refers as "Herr Roland Hayes aus Georgia, der Sohn einer Sklavin." A descendant more likely of American slaves two generations back, the singer had not yet appeared in Germany when heralded there on May 27 as "at present a star of Paris society." The Berlin paper continued: "Mister Hayes sings Brahms, Schumann, Debussy and Mousorgsky. He is known as an admirer of classical music. His greatest success, however, is in Negro songs of the plantation to which his great artistic gifts lend a profound significance. Mister

Hayes lives in London and has spent only a short time in Paris, in order to sing in private salons. In the Autumn he is to return and give his first public concerts. Even the most serious critics praise his art as a singer and his phenomenal voice." It was evident, in conclusion, that this unusual artist was likely later to go on to Berlin.

On the same day when the Tageblatt's correspondent wrote from Paris The Daily Telegraph was reporting the tenor's return to the stage in London. "Mr. Roland Hayes goes on from strength to strength, adding to his skill as he adds to his repertory," said the English critic. "Not all our classical singers would treat Handel's 'Where'er You Walk' or Bassani's 'Posate, Dormite' quite in the way Mr. Hayes treats those arias, nor would the singers of modern music adopt the same Dresden china attitude toward 'It Was a Lover and His Lass' in Roger Quilter's new setting. Perhaps Mr. Quilter himself is somewhat to blame here. But it was for the fine group of Spirituals that we were most grateful to Mr. Hayes."

COLORED SINGERS
Arrives in London
BE HEARD TODAY
12-17-22

Station WGM Will Broadcast Community Sing in Auditorium This Afternoon at 3:30 to 4:30.

The 3:30 to 4:30 broadcast this afternoon by Station WGM will consist of spirituals and songs of the old

south by a chorus of colored singers, representing the negro colleges of Atlanta.

Leading colored singers of Clark university, Spellman seminary, Atlanta university, Morehouse college, Morris Brown university and the public schools will be assembled in the auditorium in this city in a community sing, which WGM will offer to its big Sunday afternoon audience. The chorus will be supported by the Atlanta orchestra, one of the leading colored orchestras of the south, directed by Jessie M. Murphy. The program arrangements for this afternoon's offerings have been made by L. L. Foster, director of the colored branch of the Atlanta Anti-Tuberculosis association.

Glee clubs, church choirs and choruses will join in the singing of Christmas carols, melodies, hymns and national songs. Several hundred voices will blend in songs which are familiar to all people of the United States and the program will be refreshing to music lovers who enjoy variety and songs of the south by the best colored singers in Atlanta.

This station is fortunate in being able to broadcast the community sing and listeners will no doubt enjoy and appreciate it. A special cable from the auditorium to Station WGM makes the broadcast possible, and through the medium of radio, enables fans of this station to hear a program in which hundreds of singers will participate.

A REAL POET.

For years the great poet has been regarded as the highest manifestation of the intellectual, esthetic, and in many cases spiritual, powers of a race. In the names that have come down through history it is those of the great poets that blaze out brightest. It is chiefly upon the achievements of such poets that races and peoples claim greatness for themselves.

There are, of course, four names which in their influence and appeal stand on a level with or even above the greatest poets. They are Buddha, Confucius, Christ and Mohammed. But these four great religious teachers were after all great ethical poets. Judged in every light they do represent the highest peaks of the genius of the races that produced them. But these names are limited to oriental races. No occidental race has yet produced a great religious teacher. Among the occidental peoples the great poet still stands almost unrivaled. There are other lists, of course, that contain names of wide influence and appeal. For example the soldiers' list can show Alexander, Cæsar and Napoleon. But there is not an occidental people in which the final test would not put its greatest poet above its greatest soldier.

The times are slightly changed and the glamor about the poet may be somewhat dimmed. We are living in a very material age, and the man of science, the man who is able to bend the forces of nature to the well being of humanity is coming into ascendancy. There may come a time when from achievement in science there will spring names that will shed a luster as bright and enduring as the names of Homer, Shakespeare, Dante, Molière and Goethe.

However, to my mind, this is improbable. The materialism of the present age may be but a transitory state. Moreover, although the scientist may contribute what in the utilitarian sense is far more important to humanity, he can never take hold of the imaginations of men and stir their souls like the poet. It therefore seems that as long as man loves the beautiful the great poet will hold his supreme place.

I have indulged in this rather weighty sounding introduction simply to induce a train of thought. I wish my readers to think of the production of poets by a race as a vital thing. It is vital not only as an indication of the development of the race but it is vital as to the place and recognition which that race is given by the world at large.

In accordance with the temper of the age, and more particularly, in accordance with false ideas with which the mind of the Negro in America has been impregnated, we Aframericans are prone to think of one of our number who conducts a successful corner grocery store as being far more vital and important as a factor in our progress than one who turns out a sheaf of poems, even though the poems are real poetry. We are prone to think of the grocer as one who is laying foundations stones in our racial

greatness and of the poet as doing little more than wasting his time.

Without disparaging the successful grocer, I must say that this evaluation is all wrong. It would be interesting, if it were possible, to calculate how many successful Negro grocers it would take to equal the force of Paul Laurence Dunbar as a factor in the progress of the race and in having the progress recognized by the world. I am now driving at the truth contained in the words of Jesus Christ when He said, "Man shall not live by bread alone." If the race would develop its greatness and highest possibilities it needs not only to support its grocers but also to appreciate its poets.

All of this is merely introductory to a few words to call attention to a Negro poet who has risen like a new and flaming star on the horizon. The poet is Claude McKay.

Mr. McKay deserves a full and prompt appreciation. We should not do in his case what were guilty of in the case of Dunbar, that was, not to recognize or not even to know his greatness until it was acclaimed by the whites.

Mr. McKay is a real poet and a great poet. I mean by this that he has both the poetic endowment and the ability to make that endowment articulate, and he is yet far from his full growth. He is still a young man. He is a poet of beauty and a poet of power. No Negro poet has sung more beautifully of his own race than McKay and no Negro poet has equalled the power with which he expresses the bitterness that so often rises in the heart of the race. As an example of that power we quote his sonnet, "If We Must Die," written after the terrible riots in the summer of 1919:

If we must die, let it not be like hogs
Hunted and penned in an inglorious spot,
While round us bark the mad and hungry dogs,
Making their mock at our accursed lot.
If we must die, O let us nobly die,
So that our precious blood may not be shed
In vain; then even the monsters we defy
Shall be constrained to honor us though dead!

O kinsmen! we must meet the common foe!
Though far outnumbered let us show us brave,
And for their thousand blows deal one deathblow!
What though before us lies the open grave?
Like men we'll face the murderous, cowardly pack,
Pressed to the wall, dying, but fighting back!

The race ought to be proud of a poet capable of voicing it so fully. Such a voice is not found every day.

Mr. McKay's volume, "Harlem Shadows," published by Harcourt, Brace & Company, New York, is already attracting the attention of the critics of the country. What he has achieved in this little volume sheds honor upon the whole race.

Richmond, Va., May 12, 1922.
Clarke, vice-president and treasurer of the Pace Phonograph Corporation of Virginia, has just returned from a trip to New York, where he spent several days visiting the great Pace phonograph house there. The Virginia corporation is a subsidiary of the New York company and is distributor for the states of Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina for the phonographs, records and needles made by the company in New York.

The Pace Company makes its own phonographs and records, employing about 20 in the office and over 50 in the factory. It has representatives and show rooms in all parts of the country, giving employment to hundreds of Negroes who would not otherwise be employed in Negro industry. Its records are known as "Black Swan" records and the phonographs are known as "Swanolas" and are made in all standard types and sizes, including the new console type, which is a handsome piece of furniture as well as a musical instrument.

All records are made by Negro artists, and the public are one in acclaim over the numbers running from "blues" to grand opera. Alberta Hunter, Lucille Hegamin, Ethel Waters, Revell Hughes, Lula Whidby and Katie Crippen are some of the "stars" under exclusive contract with the Pace Company. The Company also maintains its own orchestra for dance music and a choir for sacred renditions. In fact, it has every equipment and arrangement necessary for the products of a modern music establishment.

An idea of the unusual success of the young business may be gained when we know that, after only 12 months of operation, it was able to purchase, out of its own profits made in these twelve months, the phonograph factory of the Remington Phonograph Corporation of New York. This was a white concern, gone bankrupt. The factory is now running full capacity and making only "Swanolas."

This is the same factory in which Pace first had his records made by a white firm. It is a peculiar twist of fate, some would say, for a colored man to become owner of such a factory. That is not fate. It is faith. Pace has the faith—faith in his business—faith in his people—faith in himself—and he is rewarding himself through his faith.

Pace can't do it all alone, but he has the happy faculty of getting others to do. He got M. C. Clarke, who organized the Virginia corporation, to head up the work in Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina and

South Carolina. Everybody around knows Clarke. He is the M. C. Clarke who organized The Commercial Bank and Trust Company of Richmond, opened and guided it successfully through the worst part of a depression period. Then he got out. A bank is a limited affair, at best, he reasoned; and he has unlimited vision.

He has unlimited ambition to back up that vision. He does unlimited work to support the ambition—and he always gets the thing done. He could have found no better vehicle for his peculiar ability than the virgin industry of selling human voices—Negro voices. Clarke is always a Negro, but you would never know it unless you see him.

Mr. C. V. Kelly is secretary-sales manager for the Virginia Corporation. He comes direct from the home office in New York and is in charge of sales for the district.

After only four months of operation, the Virginia Corporation has done as much business as it would have been satisfied with for six months. It is therefore two months ahead of itself. But Clarke always plans ahead. He is like Pace—and Pace is progress and Pace progress is race progress.

The Virginia Corporation has offices and conservatory in a six-room building at 501 North Third Street in Richmond, leased especially for its own use and is occupied for a phonograph house. H. H. Pace, the Swanola blue flame of "Blues" fame, president of the New York Corporation, is also president of the Virginia Corporation. M. C. Clarke is vice-president and treasurer. C. V. Kelly is secretary and sales manager for the four States under the Virginia district.

It is the object of the Pace Phonograph Corporation of Virginia to put a "Swanola" in every Negro home using talking machines—and it is being done. Pace is doing his "solving" by work—productive work, and letting the "problem" take care of itself. If we had more Paces and Clarkes, we would wake up one morning and find there is no "problem" to solve.

Negro Laborer

By MAXWELL BODENHEIM

Nation N.Y. 7/5/22
Brown man, your falling back recalls the curves
Of waves that swiftly drop on cliffs of rock,
Careless magnificence that greets the shock
With strands of foam that rise like writhing nerves
But when the sack is raised upon your back
The image changes to a dwarf-like role
Whose small contortion overawes your soul

POEMS OF NATURE AND COUNTRY LIFE:

"BURIAL OF AN OLD SLAVE"

A LITTLE KNOWN poem written by the late Walter May, seems to us one of the most impressive in the whole range of Southern literature. It has much of the dignity of Gey's immortal "Elegy" without in any way copying the earlier poet.

Here indeed is reminiscence—

"Of old, far-off, forgotten things
And battles long ago."

Death here has broken one of the last links that binds the South of today to the "Old South" of ante-bellum days—the Old South which, with all its defects, yet had a certain dignity, romance, quality, charm, and flavor, the exact like of which our human race in all the generations to come will never see again. The weird music which accompanied the aged Negro to his last resting place beside the "Old Master" he had loved and served in the long ago—that music was dirge not only for a vanished individual but also for a vanished age and a vanished way of life.

Around me, brambles tangle on the graves,
And ivy sprays are creeping on the stones;
Beside one shattered urn a foxglove waves,
While awe-struck thrushes chirp in undertones.

Outside, a field of broomsedge, waste and bare,
And thickets of the red and yellow plum,
And nearer, on the purple thistles there,
Goldfinches in a brilliant cluster come.

Here tombstones hanging sideways to the earth
By winds and rains are dappled into gray;
Brown lichens have erased the dates of birth
And years in which the sleepers passed away.

Grim sentinel, still facing to the west,
The old slave-master's granite headstone looms;
His young wife and her baby lie at rest
Where yon wild rose sheds pink and pearly blooms.

Almost effaced, you read a young girl's name;
Just sixteen when she died! Here passed away
The first-born son, who like a triumph came;
In whose dead hands Hope crumbled into clay.

II.—The Burial!

Up yonder lane a strange procession comes,
And sounds of weird, sweet singing strike the ears;
Then a shrill fife, and then the beat of drums,
A chant that seems the ghost of bygone years,

Ah, many lives have passed since neighbors came,
Bringing a sleeper to this home to bide;
But this gray Negro, last of all the name,
Has sought again his old-time master's side.

What childlike faith, that sings of princely palms,
Of fountains gushing through the fields of green,
What childlike faith that sings of blissful calms,
And splendors that no sage has ever seen:

Strange, a poor Negro in this far-off place,
Trusting a Friend, sinks in his coffin low,
Believes that Friend, forgetting not his face,
Will find him where these weeds and brambles grow.

Rose-breasted grosbeak, lighting on yon limb
And singing as no bird hath sung before,
Is it a note of triumph trilled for him,
The dead slave, free and happy evermore?

And makes a stupid slave of your attack.
Brown man, your lowered back strove to create
And held a fluid question in its lines:
Naively splendid looseness and desire.
But when your back received its menial fate
And rose beneath another man's designs
Something within you changed to sweat and mire.

MONTGOMERY ALA. JOURNAL

JUNE 6, 1922

Noted Quartet of Negroes Will Sing Here Tuesday Night

The Tuskegee institute quartet that toured the north for years with the late Dr. Booker T. Washington, will appear in Montgomery Tuesday night at the Day Street Baptist church, colored.

This quartet has sung in all parts of the country and regularly makes records for the Victor company. They are preparing to tour the north this summer as is their custom and before leaving they will give their farewell recital here in Montgomery.

NEGRO "SPIRITUALS" NOT OF NEGRO ORIGIN.

In the discussion of the vague subject called "Negro Spirituals" certain facts demanding discussion have been overlooked.

"Negro" music means African music—more specifically, music composed among some or all of the black races of Africa in their home on that continent—or else there is no such thing. If the negro did not compose songs in his own African dialect, sung to airs of native composition—if he did not sing in his own language and melody before he learned to sing in those of his white master—then his music, "spiritual or otherwise, is no more "negro" music than Milton's Latin poems are English literature.

What songs or melodies have travelers and explorers found among the Gold Coast negroes during the past three centuries?

It was from the Gold Coast that slaves were brought to America. The negroes of this region; a demoralized race, sold into slavery by their more warlike kinsmen in land, were and are an inferior type of the African race; not to be compared, for example, with the Zulus of South Africa. We do not hear much of Zulu melodies, though the Zulu, after proving a dangerous antagonist alike to Boer and Briton, readily assimilated European civilization. By what miracle could the Gold Coast negro, unaided by the white man, attain to what more richly endowed black races have not accomplished?

As for plantation sorrows and hardships stimulating the negro to pour forth his grief in song, what of the sorrows and hardships which beset him in his African home? No more pestilential spot than the Gold Coast can be found anywhere. For three centuries it has proved a veritable death-trap

for white explorers; a fact commemorated in the sailors' rhyming proverb.

"Remember, remember the Bright of Benin
Few come out, though many go in!"

In his "Autobiography" General Sir William Butler has given his experience of the Gold Coast climate during the Ashanti expedition of 1873. The General was more than six feet tall, and weighed about two hundred pounds. A few months of Gold Coast fever so skeletonized him that he could encircle his wrist between thumb and forefinger without touching the skin. It was by the merest chance that he ultimately escaped being thrown overboard for dead as he lay unconscious in ship hospital after escaping from the jungle. Between such a climate and the forays of his slave-running kinsmen inland the Gold Coast negro surely had a trifle more song-compelling hardship than he ever encountered on any American plantation. Coomassie, the capital of the slave-trading inland blacks was a place so reeking with the effluvia of human slaughter that some British soldiers who had the curiosity to explore it, did so at the double, to avoid asphyxiation. If dreams of hell inspired the negro to compose "spiritual," here surely was a bottomless pit of such inspiration.

All the music the negro "composed" in America he learned from the white man. And let us remember, to be strictly accurate we must not ascribe to the negro traits or faculties derived from white ancestors by the mulatto, quadroon, or octoroon.

And by the way are we not mainly indebted to kindly memories of plantation life for the best "negro" music that America can boast? What "spiritual" has better music in it than "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia" or "The Swanee River"—both the work of white composers, and the latter an especial favorite with great singers—Patti, Melba, Calve, and others. Besides, if authentic records are to be heeded, was not plantation singing for the most part joyous, not sorrowful.

Nature endowed the negro in many cases, with a splendid voice, and deep, though transient feeling. He accordingly became, through intercourse with the white man, a magnificent singer of whatever melody pleased him. Can it be said that his contribution to music was more than this?

If it is argued that the Gold Coast Negro is somehow the artistic or spiritual superior of the American white man, it can be maintained, with at least as good reason, that the Germans are not a musical people.

The greatest German composers are Handel, Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn, and Wagner. Mendelssohn, and at least one other famous "German" composer was a Jew.

Handel lies in Westminster Abby. His genius, like Holbein's, was certainly more honored in England than in Germany.

Mozart died so neglected that his grave "somewhere in Germany," is unknown, and can never be found. Rossini, and Italian musician, being asked who was the greatest musician, answered "Beethoven." "But what of Mozart?" was the next question. "Mozart," replied Rossini, "is not the greatest, he is the only musician."

Mozart's countrymen conspicuously failed to appreciate the genius which foreigners acknowledged.

that the best so-called German music followed Italian models.

Beethoven seemed to find his ideals outside of Germany, for he was an ardent admirer of Napoleon; and though furious at his turning Emperor, composed his funeral march.

Wagner met nothing but indifference in Germany until he was taken up by the King of Bavaria, who afterward went mad, thus proving himself not a normal German. The normal German cared little for Wagner or his music.

There is at least as good reason for denying musical talent to the Germans as for ascribing it to the Gold Coast negro who gave no signs of any such faculty before he had lived for years amidst the highest civilization that ever existed in America.

Now since the greatest German musicians were far better appreciated abroad than at home, are we not justified in maintaining that the Germans were and are not a music loving people? Ruskin seriously argued

Montgomery, July 7, 1922

—A. OSGOOD

Negro Artists' Exhibit Hints Not of Ethiopia

Conventional and Sophisticated Work Marks
Public Library Show, Instead of the Jungle
and Plantation Themes Natural to Race

N. Y. C. POST
SEPTEMBER 12, 1922

By Marian Storm

Dark, golden Ethiopia, with its timeless rituals, diamonds and ivory unconquerable jungles, and magnificent wild beasts; the plantation, with its labor and languor, banjos, moonlight, and jasmine; dances on Florida's hard, white sands—echoes of these romantic things, you feel sure, will be found here and there in an exhibition by negro artists. Well, they are not. The show at the 135th Street branch of the New York Public Library, which will be open until October, is as modern and urban as monkey fur, with not a bit of the forest quality of the monkey. The presiding goddess is she of the painting "The Twentieth Century"—a negro woman in a genteel dark blue street dress, sitting at a table and holding a book, rather than Meta Warwick Fuller's graceful and exotic figure of "Ethiopia," which stands in the reading room below.

It is the hope of the sponsors for this exhibition to make such a show an annual event in New York. It was announced a long while in advance in the newspapers chiefly read by colored folk, and already the visitors have numbered almost a thousand, many negroes having come from long distances to view the paintings of members of their race.

Whoever visits the exhibit must find himself moved by the eagerness of its patrons that the negro shall achieve in art—and on the same ground as white artists. In general, all the gorgeous heritage of Africa, the Indies, and the South has been discarded for conventional and sophisticated themes. There are familiar still lifes and landscapes, some copies.

But in the bold and cunningly colored designs of Gwendolyn White, a young Boston student, and in an occasional sympathetic portrait, like "Mother," by Otto Farrill; in the striking "Zenobia" of John H. Urquhart, and in three original pen and ink by Charles C. Dawson, who is studying in Chicago, an independent talent is plain. Perhaps artists like these will be able to lead their colleagues out of the white man's rut and help them to regain the gifts that were theirs before they ever heard of schools, exhibitions, and magazine illustrations.

Many of the students who have

we have seen here. It was said to be characterized by primitive splendors, bold designs.

Besides the paintings a number of drawings and charcoals are shown, while the negro's modern prominence in literature is proved by shelves of books by negro writers, from the poems of the already half-legendary Phillis Wheatley to the glaring "Batouala," which is selling fairly well in our dark Park Avenue, although the negroes who buy it seem to consider the work a doubtful accession to their culture.

A delightful feature of the show is George Young's big case of old prints and engravings. Most of these are "negro items" and came from the elaborate collection of the elderly connoisseur, W. C. Crane. He sold them to Mr. Young at a low price because of the latter's passionate and lifelong devotion to books. George Young is the robust patron saint of negro literature. He says he has gone hungry often, and reduced his costume as close to the African as possible, in order to buy more and more books. He has quantities of them—some very old and fascinating, some the latest importations.

One of Mr. Young's specialties is a most comprehensive collection of slave poetry. I had no idea that it required so many poems to free the slaves. Some of his abolitionist items are now great rarities. From the stream of books which pass through his "book exchange" in 135th Street he has chosen some fine prints. There are many pictures of Toussaint l'Ouverture, of the elder and the younger Dumas, of the Boston Massacre in which Crispus Attucks fell, of Henry Box Brown, coming out of his incredibly small box at the end of the Underground Railway, of Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Sojourner Truth.

Mr. Young has a rare map of Virginia, his native State, as well as a slave bill of sale in South Carolina, dated 1859, and a letter which is purported to be in the personal handwriting of George III, but to me it did not look like that of the lamentable monarch.

Magnificent in pose are the prints of the famous negro tragedian, Irvin, as Othello and as Aaron in "Titus Andronicus." Mr. Young's knowledge of negro literature in its broadest sense is wonderfully close to complete.

Many Schools Are Represented

Students of a number of well known schools have sent their paintings to this exhibit—Pratt, Tuskegee, Adelphi, the Art Institute of Chicago, the New York Academy of Design, the Pennsylvania Academy, and other institutions in Boston, Washington, and New York. This is the second exhibition of negro art that has been held at the 135th Street Library, and others have been held in Washington and Boston. The show of negro art in Paris, a few years ago, which won the praise of many critics, including Clive Bell, was obviously of a type far different from those which

Pure Negro Music Gripping Feature of Colored Plays

Chas. D. Isaacson Declares Offerings Now on Broadway are Valuable and Interesting—Made Whites
More Tolerant and Less Prejudiced

New York Age — 9-7-22

That the success achieved by the "Shuffle Along" company in its engagement at the 63rd Street Music Hall, which lasted more than a year was not due to local New York conditions, but rather to intrinsic merit of the production itself is shown by the fact that advices from Boston are to the effect that the "Baked Beans" city has gone wild over the colored performers. The house is sold out nightly and the advance demand for seats is unusual.

Following the success of this musical production, New Yorkers gave a cordial and appreciative reception to another colored company, the "Strut, Miss Lizzie" effort, with Creamer & Layton, song writer and composer, respectively, at its head. The company closed a good run on August 26 and left on the 29th to open in Chicago.

Charles D. Isaacson of the *Evening Mail*, whose development of the free public concert idea through his "Our Family Music" column, first of the *Evening Globe*, later of the *Mail*, is one of the most notable achievements of New York's musical life, writes in his column concerning the colored musical productions, and he expresses himself as follows.

There is nothing extraordinary or bewildering in the success which the Negro productions are making. It is a wonder that this has not happened before. Years ago I made it a practice to go to the colored theatres in the Negro sections of the city. I regularly journeyed to the 135th street stock house and over to Brooklyn to the old Criterion.

Those plays and musical reviews were funnier and more captivating in many ways than the newer and more refined "Broadwayized" affairs. Those older offerings were right down to earth—native, wild, spirited, genuine. Negro offerings are most valuable and interesting when they are utterly "Negroish."

Here's the significant thing. The curtain rises on the "Strut" play with the singing of old Negro Spirituals. In "Shuffle" the finest bits were the colored folk music. These plays were not so gripping when they became of a mongrel order.

It must be remembered that colored music is more ingrained and inborn with the people than is that of the white race. Where is there a Negro who hasn't rhythm, who just can't resist the call of the intonations, who, even if he has no voice for the stage, nevertheless can't intuitively harmonize to any strain?

We have found in America the development of such important geniuses as Burleigh, Dett and the newer Bohannon. Then, of course, these production writers have their own place in the scheme of things. They can get far, if they have the mind to become a little more serious.

Another phase of the situation, which is perhaps not generally considered, is of tremendous importance. Have you seen any change in New York City since the advent of the colored theatrical deluge? I have. More and finer looking members of the Ethiopian race—firm in their own attitude, not overbearing, mind you, but a little more sure of themselves, a little more confident—prepared for the bigger work they are to do in building their race and America.

Something else. Many white people have grown more tolerant, less prejudiced. A few months ago I heard an intelligent woman rail against the blacks, and I used every bit of persuasion I knew to make her more tolerant, but with no avail. Some are born that way, prejudiced and hating. Others are open to reason. Little things often awaken the spirit of liberality and Americanism. Little things like music—big things like music. In fact, there is no better ameliorative measure for an understanding of races than the exchange of arts.

Through the Negro and his music will there grow a more tolerant white and more ambitious black?

St. Louis Negro's Songs Recognized by New York Symphony Conductor

ST. LOUIS MO STAN
SEPTEMBER 12, 1922

Children's Music by J. Gerald Tyler, Teacher at
Sumner High, to Be Included in Collection
Edited by Walter Damrosch.

BY ERNEST E. COLVIN,
Music Editor of The Star.

J. Gerald Tyler, negro director of music at Sumner High School (negro), returned a few days ago from New York, where he submitted to Walter Damrosch, conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra, a collection of his work for inclusion in a book of children's songs which is being compiled under the direction of the New York leader.

Several of these songs have been accepted, one in particular having impressed Damrosch when Tyler played and sang it for him. This is entitled "Christmas Bells" and is a musical setting of Longfellow's poem of that name. When Damrosch heard it, he turned to the men who are collaborating with him in the publication of the book and said, "We will accept this song without alteration."

Another of Tyler's songs which will appear in the book is "Song of the Sea."

Tyler thus far has done nothing in the way of negro folk music.

No Inspiration for Negro Aids.

"Music in the characteristic negro idiom appeals to me," he said to a representative of The Star yesterday, "but as I was not born in the South, I am not so familiar with it as I might be. For a time, there was a great demand from publishers for music of this type, and I was asked to contribute, but as I did not have the inspiration, I could not bring myself to grind out songs in the negro idiom merely as a commercial proposition."

Tyler has developed a type of kindergarten music that is based both on song and dance. One of these songs is "Little Bo Peep," sung to a quick melody. This is followed by a short, lively dance measure, and then the theme of the song returns.

Another song of similar type is "I Had a Little Pony." A children's song of a more serious vein is his setting of "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star." A group of these songs is now being published by an eastern house.

"Magnificat" in E-Minor.

Of music of the heavier type, he has written a "Magnificat" in E-minor, which has been published and now is used by some choirs, and he also has written a cantata, "Tuba

Cain," for baritone voice and chorus. Tyler was born in Columbus, Ohio, forty years ago, and was the first of his race to graduate from Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio. For his graduating theme he wrote a piano sonata in E-minor which has never been published. After leaving Oberlin he studied voice under Herbert Witherspoon in New York and piano under Prof. Ernest R. Kroeger of St. Louis. For ten years he has been teaching music in the St. Louis schools.

"Whatever I have accomplished in the way of composition," he said, "is due largely to Mrs. Frank Williams, wife of the principal of Sumner High School.

"During the influenza epidemic of 1918, I was at the Williams home one afternoon and heard a baby cry. I dashed off on a piece of paper an original melody for the old nursery song, 'Bye, O Baby Bunting.'

"I asked a girl to play it, and when Mrs. Williams heard it she said: 'You owe it to yourself, to your children and to your race to create.'

the schools were closed on account of the epidemic I had plenty leisure, and then I began my work writing songs."

St. Louis Broadmindedness.

The song of Prof. Tyler that attracted attention in New York and mentioned in the New York Evening Mail was his "Dirge for Soldiers." This song was written in memory of Elmer Burklin, teller for the West St. Louis Trust Company and a friend of Tyler, who died of influenza while in military service during the world war.

"I will never forget the broadmindedness of the people of St. Louis," said Prof. Tyler, "which permitted me to write the music for the Missouri Pageant given in the Coliseum a year ago. That called attention to my work as a composer, and has been of invaluable help to me. After that, I wrote the music for the Virginia pageant.

"My whole interest is in music, and I feel that in this school I am touching the lives of boys and girls and giving them an appreciation of the higher things of life. It is a great pleasure to me that some of my pupils now are teaching. Two are supervisors of music in the Washington public schools.

"I am trying to give the children of this school an appreciation of music that is of a higher type than

jazz, though, of course, the negro race is not the only one that patronizes the publishers of jazz."

SHOCKING INFORMATION

The clipping which we reproduce in the two following paragraphs has more than a personal interest for Mr. W. S. Braithwaite concerning whom it was published. The "Literary Review," the literary supplement of the New York "Evening Post," carries a page which is headed "Reader's Guide," where questions regarding books and authors are answered. The following inquiry and answer were contained in the issue of September 2:

"V. O., Norfolk, Va., would like to know if the William Stanley Braithwaite whom she has seen listed in a local paper as a Negro lyric poet is the Braithwaite of the 'anthologies.'"

William Stanley Braithwaite, author of two volumes of poems of delicate beauty, "Lyrics of Life and Love" and "The House of Falling Leaves," and one of the literary editors of the Boston Transcript, stands, according to the prefatory essay in "A Book of American Negro Poetry," edited by James Weldon Johnson (Harcourt), "unique among all the Aframerican writers the United States has yet produced. He has gained his place, taking as the standard and measure of his work the identical standard and measure applied to American writers and American literature. He has asked for no allowance or rewards, either directly or indirectly, on account of his race." This collection, which has not a few poems no lover of our country's poetry can afford to miss, contains twelve lyrics by Mr. Braithwaite and a brief biographical sketch. He has compiled seven anthologies, not including his significant and valuable contribution to the revival of interest in American poetry, the nine volumes of the annual "Anthology of Magazine Verse," 1913-1921.

No doubt this information will come to the Virginia lady as a decided shock. She is evidently a woman of culture and refinement and especially interested in literature. It is not improbable that she is herself a sometime writer of poetry. Doubtless for a number of years she has looked up to Mr. Braithwaite as the great authority and oracle of poetry in the United States. She may even be one among the hundreds of correspondents who write to Mr. Braithwaite regarding the poetry of others and of themselves. It may be that often among her friends she has enthusiastically expressed her admiration for Mr. Braithwaite as a poet, as an anthologist and as a critic. And now we wonder what effect will the knowledge that Mr. Braithwaite is a colored man have upon her. Will she still be able to see that his lyrics are just as delicate and ethereal and his literary judgments just as sound as they ever were, or will the belated knowledge that he is a colored man make a change.

We hope not. We hope the Virginia lady enjoys more intellectual freedom than the young lady from Mississippi who once said, "I used to just dote on Dunbar's poetry until I found out he was a nigger."

Yet culture is not entirely colorless in the United States. There are lots of people who cannot recognize artistic excellence if it is the work of a Negro. This brings up an amusing reminiscence:

Some years ago Cole & Johnson were at the height of their popularity as writers of songs, they did a series of six songs at the request of Mr. Bok, then editor of the "Ladies Home Journal,"

SUCCESSFUL NEGRO ARTIST.

(By The Associated Negro Press.)

New York, Dec. 28—The announcement that the Victor Talking Machine Company has declared a six hundred per cent. dividend brings to mind the success of the Black Swan Corporation of New York City, founded by Mr. Harry H. Pace. The Black Swan records are made exclusively by Negro artists, and the fact that the Company's daily income averages more than one thousand dollars per day, gives some idea of its success. 12/30/22

Mr. Pace has recently taken over a plant for making the records, and he is fortunate to have associated with him in the record making end of his business John Fletcher, who is both a mechanical engineer and a musician. Mr. Fletcher was for a number of years a member of Sousa's band.

which were published in that magazine. A few months later Mr. Bok announced that he was going to publish a song written by a young Negro musician of Georgia. Following the announcement he received a letter from a white lady in Georgia in which she protested against any such use of the pages of the "Ladies Home Journal." She argued that it was impossible for a Negro to interpret aesthetically even the music of his own race. She concluded her letter by urging upon Mr. Bok to publish some more of the beautiful songs written by Cole & Johnson. Mr. Bok published the lady's letter in full without comment. Perhaps she is even to this day ignorant of what she had really said.

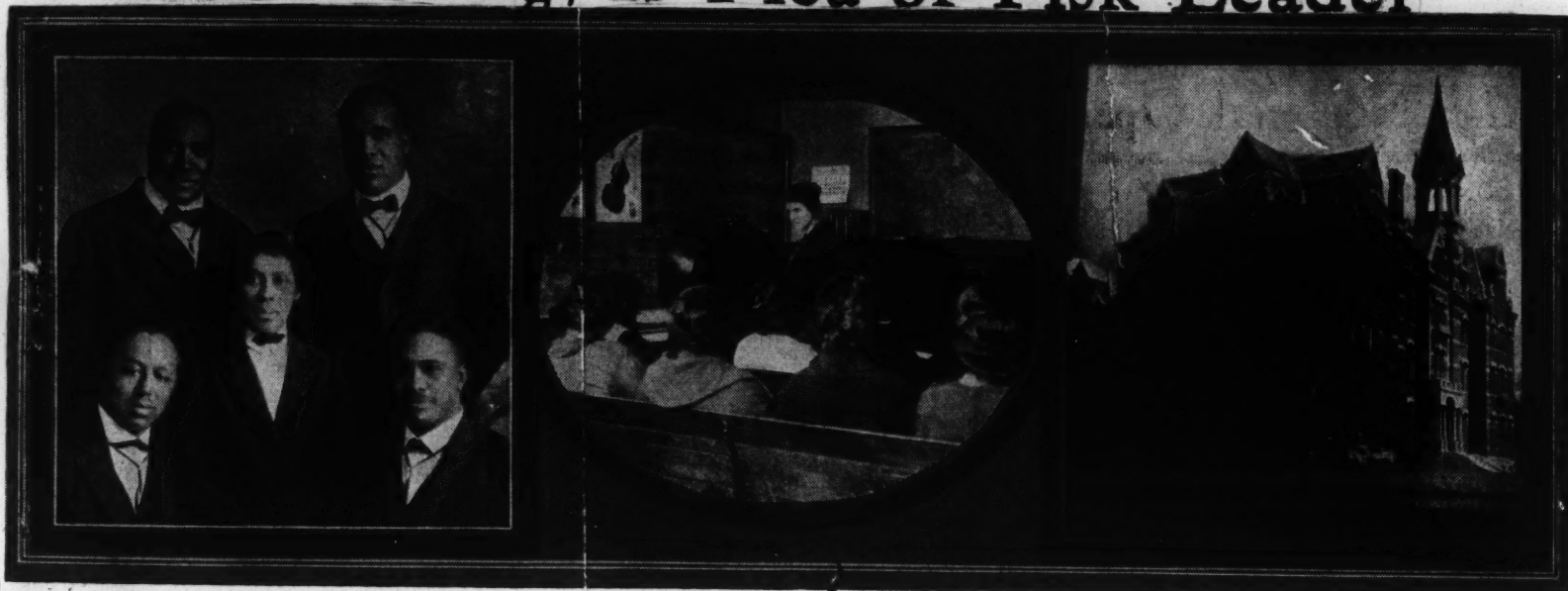
Respect Spirit of Negro Song, Is Plea of Fisk Leader

J. A. Myers, Tenor and Director of Famous University Singers, Discusses the Music of His People—How the Spirituals Were Created and Brought to the White Man—Some Types of Songs—Desecration of the Message of the Music Charged

NOT so long ago American musicians were making pleas for the appreciation of the Negro spirituals. The time has already come, however, when these same musicians must come forward and again champion the spirituals—this time against the too-great affection bestowed upon them; for the ingratiating quality of these lovely folk-bits, especially with audiences, have made singers love them unwisely, with the result that the rhythmic charm and naiveté of the spiritual has been translated into an insinuating banality by musicians more eager for *réclame* than sincerity in art.

One of the first pleas against the desecration of these inimitable songs comes from those best entitled to make it; those who first introduced them to the world, the singers of the Fisk University.

Now that these spirituals have become an integral part of American music, the romance of their creation and their introduction to the world of whites is probably forgotten. But the valiance of that first troupe of singers which fifty years ago started out from Fisk, to acquaint a none too sympathetic world with their art, bears recalling. In 1871, Fisk University, which had been founded five years before by philanthropists who realized the need of educating the Negro to his new freedom, was in need of funds. In those days the resources for obtaining the money for Negroes were very limited. But the black man had one great treasure, that of song. Encouraged by the faith and foresight of a white man, George I. White, and fortified with God-given talent a band of vocalists calling themselves the Fisk University Jubilee Singers, left the University, hoping by their music to aid the institution in a time of crisis. Their success is now historical. The revelation of the new vocal art brought them successes not only in America but abroad. Moreover it brought to them the financial returns needed to ensure the continuation of the University, and in the seven years during which these singers toured they afforded tremendous help to their alma mater. A monument to their efforts is Jubilee Hall, the first permanent building of the University.



Music at Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn., a Stronghold for Negro Education: Jubilee Singers with Mr. Myers Standing on the Left; a Class in Musical Appreciation at the University, and Jubilee Hall, Built as a Result of the Efforts of the First Singers Who Toured the Country in 1871

Since that time Fisk has always had a band of singers in the field, reflecting the fine musical traditions upheld in the University. To-day the ensemble consists of a quintet including Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Myers, Carl J. Barbour, Alfred T. Clarke, Jr., and Ludie D. Collins. Those who have heard these singers interpret the works of their people can understand why that first chorus conquered every audience before it. The haunting appeal of the black man's hymn, as they sing it, calls up a panorama of the Negro's history. And their superb interpretation of the rhythm born in the Congo, of the beautiful melodic outline and of the black man's never changing faith "in the Kingdom" is unforgettable.

As Mr. Myers Sees It

Perhaps the finest inspiration of this quintet is J. A. Myers, the tenor and director who gave up his promising career as a minister to serve Fisk in the cause of education. Keen student of his people, and an inspired talker, Mr. Myers willingly discusses the origin of his people's music, and also the present conditions which threaten it.

"It is only natural that we who sing these songs should venerate the sweet faith that inspired them. In those early camp meetings, or the arbor and basket meetings, as they were called, our people would gather together and in the ardor called up by religion and the belief that soon their troubles would be gone and they could 'steal away to Jesus,' would utter these fine vocal emblems. The ecstatic promise of some Old Testament

verse, perhaps, would stir them to such a song as 'Did'n' my Lord Deliver Daniel?' Or perhaps the sight of a worshipping brother struggling with his sin would rouse his fellow-worshippers to help him, and they would sing out

'Wrestle with the Lord, Jacob.' Or perhaps the sinner, roused out of his trance, which might last several days, would rise up and say, 'a song came to me; it went this way,' and he would start singing, and gradually those around him would join in, harmonizing with his 'lead'; and thus a new spiritual would be born.

"Then, too, there are other spirituals such as the version we sing of 'Hear the Lambs all a-cryin,' in which a new influence prevails, one of another race, even. This song seems, as many persons have remarked, to have an almost Gregorian atmosphere, and its strange flavor would indicate that the Negro could also make use of the artistic expression of the people among whom he lived. Other Negro songs are of friendly rivalry between the various sects, such as the 'Everyone Talkin' About Heaven Ain't Goin There,' in which the Baptist sang a warning to the Methodist or vice versa.

"Are new spirituals being born to-day? Not as they used to be, I am afraid. Somehow, it seems that only when men are 'in the valley,' simple, full of faith, that these inspirations come to them. When we get to the mountain tops, when education makes us lose our simplicity and humanness, the spark goes with it. And so, I fear, if we do not cherish the gift, it will go quickly."

Present Use of Spirituals

On the subject of the interpretation of the spirituals, Mr. Myers has deep convictions. "We who are trying to keep up the traditions of the spirituals, as Fisk is doing, and has done since its foundation, feel that we must protest against the use of our music, as it is too often used now-a-days. Our music, besides its other qualities, has appealing rhythm and melody, as well as naiveté of text, which open it to mal-usage. Many singers realize this and have taken advan-

tage of these qualities by making them into 'humorous' songs, which they are not, and which is entirely against their spirit.

"But, perhaps more reprehensible is the attitude of many musicians of my own race, who have found that the natural allure of this music, and their own talents in this line, as well as the present popularity of the music, provide opportunity for material profit. To this end they change the entire message and atmosphere of some of our most beautiful songs. Take, for instance, that exquisite 'Mary, doan you weep, doan you cry.' In this song, those who appreciate it see the human side of the entire Passion Play; these Negro souls, full of faith and compassion, could see the mother tragedy behind the crucifixion, and in one of the loveliest utterances, they sympathize, 'Mary doan you moan.' And yet I have heard people of my own race, sit at the piano, swaying away, and 'ragging,' as you say, this work. And they have done the same with others. Unless one is honest with the spirit of the spirituals, understands the patience of the Negro in bearing his load during the darkness of slavery, one loses the entire message which the songs hold. And by misinterpreting these songs artists are neglecting their higher purpose, that of bringing the races to closer understanding, of enabling the white man to see the true nature of my people."

Like their predecessors, the Fisk University Singers, managed by Mr. Myers, are touring America, reflecting the fine traditions upheld at the University, and also carrying on the work of the first pioneer troupe in making the world acquainted with the Negro's gift of song.

Fisk University maintains a music department of high standard, which enables the students to get a comprehensive

knowledge of music. Choral clubs that sing the classics as well as the native music are also part of the university life, but the greatest pleasure afforded the visitor at the institution, and one which is memorable, is the singing of the students en masse when they interpret the songs of their forefathers. In music, as in other subjects, Fisk University, under the able leadership of Dr. Fayette Avery McKenzie, has upheld its standards as one of the great strongholds of Negro education.

FRANCIS R. GRANT.

CLARENCE CAMERON GETS

PRESIDENCY

(Associated Negro Press)

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Aug. 4.

Clarence Cameron White, of Boston, and a member of the faculty of the Chicago University of Music, has been elected President of the National Musicians' Association, which had its most successful session here. The next convention will be held in Chicago, where it is contemplated several thousands musical people will assemble. Mr. White contemplates spending most of his time in Chicago.

Some of these changes are more significant than others. For instance, the vice-president's mantle has been shifted from the shoulders of Mrs. Nora Douglas Holt of Chicago to those of J. Wesley Jones, also of the Windy City. This change, perhaps, has no special meaning. Mrs. Holt has suffered deep bereavement during the past year and personal correspondence I have had with her causes me to know that she was desirous of securing as great release as possible from demands of public or semi-public duties. So it may have been the granting of her personal desire. Then again it may have been a development of logical politics wherein factions have arisen, creating elements that do not adjust harmoniously with each other.

Another significant change was the election of Clarence Cameron White of Boston as president to succeed Henry L. Grant of Washington, who has held that position since the National Association was organized. There has been some contention as to who was responsible for the organization of the association, Grant or White. Both were credited by their friends with having first promulgated the idea, and there have been, I believe, some rather lengthy explanations published concerning the matter.

Some Reflections On Recent Meeting of the N. A. N. M.

New York Age — 8-19-22

The recent session of the National Association of Negro Musicians at Columbus, Ohio, has been referred to as the most harmonious ever held. This is good, if true. As a well-wisher of the organization, with every desire to see it prosper and develop along sane and healthful lines, it is always a pleasure to be able to chronicle in this column statements that show such development. But there are some circumstances attending this last session that are not clear to my mind.

In the first place, according to information coming to me, a number of the most enthusiastic and capable men and women who were holding positions as either officers or members of boards have been dropped. Some were dropped last year, others this year. That these persons were deeply interested in the growth and development of the association is the impression I have had for several years, and this impression was gained both from personal contact with the individual and from a knowledge of their activities in behalf of the body.

It is possible, of course, that these changes were but the natural mutations of a definite political policy, though there has been no rule established that I know of providing for such rotation. And another thing that causes some slight wonder is that those who have been dropped or superseded have, as a rule, seemed to lose active interest in the association—that is, to the extent of attending the succeeding sessions.

Two years ago, at the session held in New York, certain elements insisted that Mr. White's claim should be recognized and forced him to be a candidate for the presidency. This movement, whether well-intentioned or not, was not sufficiently well-organized to be carried to success. Grant won by a narrow margin and was continued as president. Whether or not this opposition reached any particular development at Nashville in 1921, I cannot say, other than that the old officers were all reelected.

But 1922 brings a new tale, for Grant is deposed and Clarence Cameron White is at last elevated to the presidency. Of the original list of officers, Alice Carter Simmons, secretary, is the only one reelected. And in connection with Miss Simmons' reelection comes another curious development. Deacon Johnson of New York had been treasurer of the N. A. N. M. concurrently with Grant's tenure as president. But as the latter is deposed, so is Mr. Johnson. The office of treasurer is combined with that of secretary, and Miss Simmons is elected to hold both offices.

Then comes the most curious development of all, and the most intriguing. A new office is created, that of executive secretary, and ex-President Grant is elected to this new position. This arouses speculation and in some minds, even suspicion. For those familiar with ordinary business processes the duties of an executive secretary practically embrace the entire administrative functions of a proposition. A former official, speaking of this change, said: "I don't know what it means, but I do know that if I wanted to retain control of an organization I'd rather be executive secretary than president."

This same individual observed that in combining the offices of secretary and treasurer, and then creating an executive secretaryship, if the persons holding these offices were sympathetic and in entire harmony, agreeing to work together, it would be possible to create a practical dictatorship over any organization, paralyzing the efforts of any officials who might oppose them.

There have been several propositions under consideration by the N. A. N. M., some of which have been carried to a final agreement and others of which remain in a fluid condition. At the meeting in Chicago it was enthusiastically and unanimously voted to make Miss Marian Anderson of Philadelphia, the gifted young contralto, a beneficiary of the scholarship fund which was to be raised. In the several years since that time the fund has undoubtedly assumed some tangible proportion, but if any benefit has been extended to Miss Anderson it has been kept entirely sub rosa.

Perhaps the one question that has aroused more controversy and dissatisfaction than any other has been the project of an official magazine. This was attempted at first by Grant and White, with a tentative endorsement of the project by the executive committee of the organization. White's association with the project was shortlived. Mr. Grant continued on his own hook, but the journal seemed to have hard sledding. Its appearances were limited and of no particular distinction.

Music, Poetry and Art - 1922

ARTISTS OF NEGRO DESCENT.

"Is it not curious to know that the greatest poet of Russia is Alexander Pushkin, a man of African descent; that the greatest romancer of France is Alexander Dumas, a man of African descent; and that one of the greatest musicians of England is Coleridge-Taylor, a man of African descent?"

"The fact is fairly well known that the father of Dumas was a native-born African; but the facts concerning Pushkin's African ancestry are not so familiar."

"When Peter the Great was Czar of Russia, some potentate presented him with a full-blooded Negro gigantic size. Peter, the most eccentric ruler of modern times, dressed the Negro up in soldier clothes, christened him Hannibal, and made him a special body-guard."

"But Hannibal had more than size, he had brain and ability. He not only looked picturesque and imposing in soldier clothes he showed that he had in him the making of a real soldier. Peter recognized this, and eventually made him a general. He afterwards ennobled him, and Hannibal, later, married one of the ladies of the Russian court. This same Hannibal was great-grand-father of Pushkin, the national poet of Russia, the man who bears the same relation to Russian literature that Shakespeare bears to English literature."

"I know the question naturally arises: If out of the few Negroes who have lived in France there came a Dumas; and out of the few Negroes who lived in England there came a Coleridge-Taylor; and if from the man who was at the time, probably, the only Negro in Russia there sprang that country's national poet, why have not the millions of Negroes in the United States with all the emotional and artistic endowment claimed for them produced a Dumas, or a Coleridge-Taylor, or a Pushkin?"

"The question seems difficult, but there is an answer. The Negro in the United States is consuming all of his intellectual energy in this gruelling race-struggle."

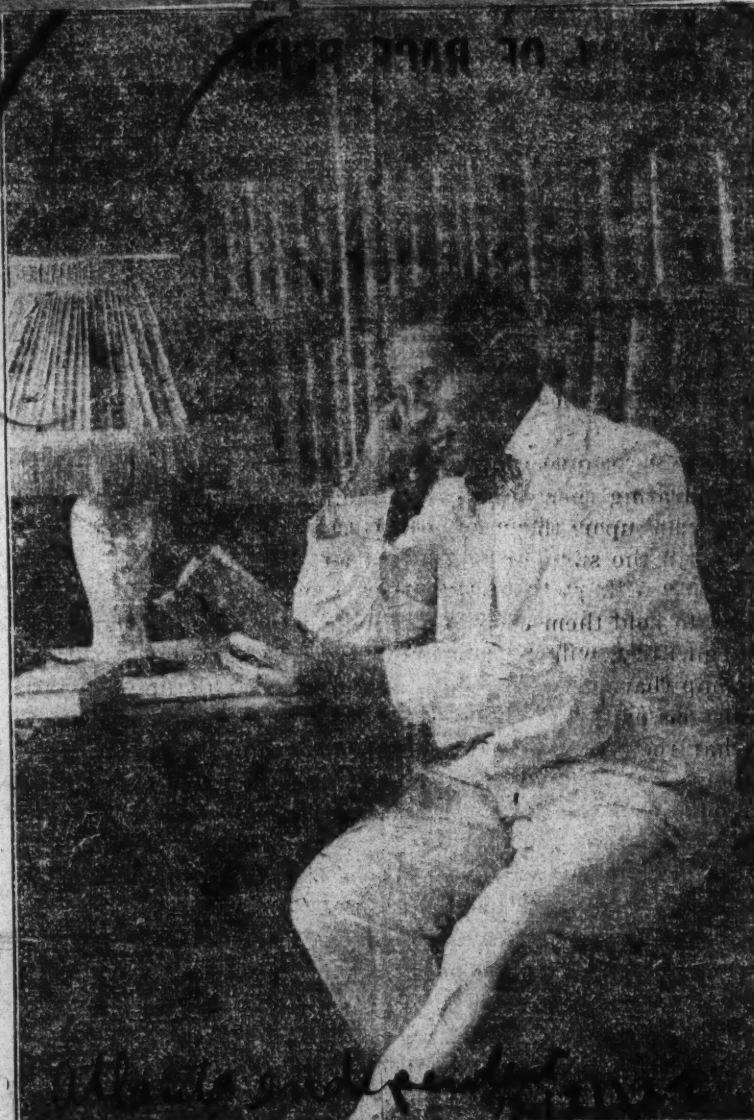
"But, even so, the American Negro has accomplished something in pure literature. The list of those who have done so would be surprising both by its length and the excellence of the achievements."

"Such a list begins with Phyllis Wheatley. In 1761 a slave ship landed a cargo of slaves in Boston. Among them was a little girl seven or eight years of age. She attracted the attention of John Wheatly, a wealthy gentleman of Boston, who purchased her as a servant for his wife. Mrs. Wheatley was a benevolent woman. She noticed the girl's quick mind and determined to give her opportunity for its development. Twelve years after Phyllis published a volume of poems. The Book was brought out in London, where Phyllis for several months an object of great curiosity and attention."

"Phyllis Wheatley has never been given her rightful place in American literature. By some sort of conspiracy she is kept out of most of the books, especially the text-books on literature used in the schools. Of course, she is not a great American poet—and in her day there were no great American poets—but she is an important American poet. Her importance, if for no other reason, rests on the fact that, save one, she is the first in order of time of all the women poets of America. And she is among the first of all American poets to issue a volume."

"Anne Bradstreet preceded Phyllis Wheatly by a little

over twenty years. She published her volume of poems "The Tenth Muse," in 1750. Let us strike a comparison between two. Anne Bradstreet was a wealthy, cultivated Puritan girl, the daughter of Thomas Dudley, Governor of the Bay Colony. Phyllis as we know, was a Negro slave girl born in Africa.



Dear Flanagan:

THOS. JEFFERSON FLANAGAN

The above cut is the likeness of Thomas Jefferson Flanagan, a poet of some ability and great promise, born in Stewart county, Georgia, near Lumpkin.

I have known him from childhood and believe him gifted with the genius of poetry. He is a deserving young man and ought to be encouraged by the members of his race.

We are publishing below a letter from Mr. Harmon of the Cotton Seed Oil Magazine. Mr. Harmon is a man of much literary ability and what he says weighs considerably in the literary world. He has discovered in Mr. Flanagan's writings of much merit and commends him to his people as a young man worthy of encouragement.

Atlanta, Ga., Nov. 26, 1922.

I have read your new book of poems with much interest and pride. The colored people of Atlanta, and, in fact, all who are interested in our native literary work, should be proud of you and of what you are doing.

The spirit of Paul Dunbar lives in all the poetry you write and some day I hope to see your reputation reach the same height as did his.

There is lilt in music in all your poems. There is the flavor, the perfume and the beauty of the Old South and the old plantation. Our old traditions shine out in your work with a clearness of the noon-day sun.

Aside from what the white race may think of your efforts, I feel that your own people do not fully appreciate the fine work you are

MOTORMAN WINS MEDAL WITH HIS 'BASS' VOICE

(The Associated Negro Press)
Toronto, Canada, Nov. 23—For nearly 12 years Irvine A. Tittle has been a Toronto street car motorman on the Avenue road cars. Last winter he started taking lessons under Signor Vegara, and at the Exhibition he won the silver medal.

Mr. Tittle possesses a melodious bass voice in which half a score of Toronto's singing teachers see promise of a brilliant future.

The Transportation Commission Officials and Employees are taking great interest in his first recital which will take place in Forosters Hall this month.

Mr. Tittle is a native of West Indies, and has been in Canada since 1910.

N.Y.C. TIMES

DECEMBER 3, 1922

THE exhibition of the National Academy will be open two weeks longer, and a large proportion of the visitors will continue to linger longer with the prints and drawings, an increasingly popular section of the annual show. This year there is rather more than the usual variety of subjects with no conspicuous adventures in technique. Eugene Higgins has transplanted his soft round modeling from the painter's to the etcher's field, and has gained greatly in vivacity with his Indian plates. "The Chicken Pull" is of liveliness all compact. Kerr Eby's "Desert Freight" is the most interesting of his several plates. George Hart's negro studies the gargoyles of John Taylor Arms, the street types of S. J. Wolf, the delicate bird portraits by Charles E. Hell, Edward Hopper's city episodes, Chauncey F. Ryder's pencil drawings of landscapes, the stark imaginings of H. Devitt Welsh, Ernest Roth's French and Spanish buildings, portraits in unusual numbers and a dog and cat subject by William Auerbach Levy, with other characteristic things by Roi Partridge, Theresa Bernstein, William Meyerowitz, John Held, Morris Greenberg, Ellis Grossman, &c., make a roomful worth of attention. The next chance to see the etchers in force will be at the Brooklyn Museum when the Brooklyn Society of Etchers open their exhibition on the 19th of this month.

ing. You are showing your race what can be done in literary production and your book and poems should have a wide sale for the encouragement it will give you.

You were fortunate to have lived among the old plantation scenes, for this gives you a background for what will be your finest work in the future. God has touched your soul with the spark of genius and a heavy responsibility has been laid upon you. Let nothing swerve you from the purpose of painting exquisite word pictures of that old plantation life which you know so well and which so few understand. You have a wealth of material upon which to work. Uncle Joe Harris painted these pictures in prose and it is clearly your duty to paint these pictures in verse and immortalize that old time life on the farm, which is now a thing of the past.

PAINTED PICTURES THAT PLEASE

Kansas City Sun
Race Artist Makes "High Lights"

10/21 Gifted 2
(By Chas. A. Starks.)

Miss Effie Mason, of 1010 Virginia avenue, seems to be fully able to portray the same on canvas. Our the color in her "Colored" workwomen have the most beautiful vel of art, which are now on display every skin imaginable, with the soft the Y. M. C. A. The collection has and most delicate tints in the been viewed by many, all admiring world. In painting these pictures my the true-to-nature expression of each and every one of them is to awaken in my sis painting. Among the selected grouter an appreciation of her own now at the "Y" are three or more beauty."

striking types of Race women. The first noticed is a dark type, probably best described as of a coffee color. Interested parties may call at the one of the common but rich hues above address.

the race, the artist should be given great credit for this work. The scene on display at the Y. W. C. A. and shows a highly drawn "Brown" starting Saturday, October 21st.

of the creamy sort, the effect is pleasant to behold, as it reflects what is rapidly becoming our classic hue—brown, with manifold shades! The third shows a soft, orange, golden tinted damsel, the artistry is here shown in the blending of brilliant tints necessary for the "high yellow" effect. The fourth shows an aged white-haired man, venerable expression in every feature, with a finely subdued atmosphere. The fifth shows a woman of brown skin, a progressive modern type. Coyness is expressed here, and the Artist fully covers the pose which suggests the possibility of the current "Flapper" with this portraiture of the Girl and the Poodle. The sixth is a painting reflecting the most beautiful of all thoughts—Motherhood. Miss Mason

reaches higher here in her work. As a rule artists in trying to depict Race motherhood feature one of two extremes, either a too strongly Anglo Saxon cast or a too pronouncedly "typical African type, with kinky hair, flat nose and large lips, particularly almost obsolete in the American Negro. But Miss Mason reaches a happy medium by recognizing the crystallizing effects of a mixture over which we have little control, but which nevertheless is changing our complexion. The infantile sweetness of the babe resting complacently in the mother's arms and looking up with filial love is finely drawn by the artist. Other paintings show tempting fruits, peaches so natural that want to smooth the fur back, while the bananas show the peculiar lines indicative of their ripeness. A St. Cella at the organ, shown in white is a good copy, while another painting brings out a trio of sailors braving a storm. Man's strength pitted against the Ocean's.

Miss Mason is an ardent student of her Art, having studied under a German master, Prof. Surig, of Iowa City Iowa. She is highly intelligent, and her soul goes with her work. I asked her why she leaned so strongly to "Colored Subjects." "Well, my admiration of beautiful colored skin of various tints inspires me to try to the color in her "Colored" workwomen have the most beautiful vel of art, which are now on display every skin imaginable, with the soft the Y. M. C. A. The collection has and most delicate tints in the been viewed by many, all admiring world. In painting these pictures my the true-to-nature expression of each and every one of them is to awaken in my sis painting. Among the selected grouter an appreciation of her own now at the "Y" are three or more beauty."

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Blind Tom
The Negro Refractory
Discomfited
11-18-22
Old St. Joe
Chicago, Ill.

**Musical Progidy Upset
Small Towners; Result
Was Gilpin Snub**

Not long ago Charles Gilpin, one of America's leading actors, visited

St. Joseph, Mo. He got anything but "Maiden's Prayer" when Blind Tom, the musical prodigy piano, crowded the professor off the showed his wares in the same town stool, sat down thereon and dashed The following article, published in the Chicago Daily News in October, 1886, serves to show that the folks of St. Joe haven't changed much, judging from their treatment of these two artists, Field wrote:

A southern court has been investigating Blind Tom, the musical prodigy, and after a great deal of imposing fuss, has declared the extraordinary creature insane. We do not know that we regret this, for we have never felt kindly toward Blind Tom since he shattered one of the popular idols of an intelligent and discriminating western community.

Out in St. Joseph—along in the latter part of the '60s—there lived and flourished a Prof. Havens, who was justly regarded as the most accomplished pianist and composer in the Missouri valley. When he came to live in St. Joseph he said he had received his musical education in Berlin, Leipzig, Vienna and other foreign points, and the ability with which he dallied with responsive objects of his professional attentions seemed to confirm his pretentious assertions. So it was not long before he became the most popular music teacher in St. Joe. The other professors couldn't compete with him—they were vague, impractical creatures, and one by one they crept over to the Kansas border to die of starvation. For about three years Prof. Havens cut a wide swath; he did a rushing business in St. Joe and superintended all the music conventions within a radius of 40 miles.

But along in the fall of 1869 the Blind Tom show struck St. Joe and gave an entertainment in Academy of Music—an egregious old rattletrap that then stood at the corner of Fifth and Phoenix streets, where Mr. Bailey now keeps a big dry goods store. Everybody went to hear the Blind Tom concert, and when at last Blind Tom offered to duplicate the tune that anybody in the audience chose to play all eyes were riveted on Prof. Havens and every voice clamored for Prof. Havens. Tossing back the sable mane that lent poesy to his classic personnel, the professor ascended the platform and told the audience that he would perform one of his own compositions—he called it "The Negro Refractory." He then began the opus in question. His hearers recognized it at once; the professor had frequently rendered it at concerts and had taught it to his pupils.

It was a delicate, dreamy, fragile bit of composition so ethereal and spirituelle that he called it "The Maiden's Prayer." Never before, as all agreed, had the professor interpreted it with such feeling—the audience was spellbound. Milton Tootle, the richest man in town, arose from his seat in the balcony and expressed a desire to bet the manager of the show \$20 that Blind Tom wouldn't "duplicate the tune."

But the manager didn't get the chance to take the bet. Prof. Havens had played but a few bars of his

ana negro who received a musical education in Paris. Barres' work had a considerable vogue in its day and showed a strong racial character that was much appreciated by the French critics. Unless we err, Mr. William Beer, librarian of the Howard Library, has among his collections of early Louisiana music examples of Barres' publications.

Another negro musician from our section of the country represented at the Boston Library exhibition—this one not a composer but an executant—is Edmund Dede, a violinist of parts who together with a Cuban "man of color," Brindis de Sala, was merely the best among a number of negroes who advanced past banjo and guitar to the most difficult and artistic of stringed instruments.

From other parts of the South came George Melburn, author of "Listen to the Mocking Bird," and James Bland, whose "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny" is equally classic of the South's negro melodies.

Perhaps the most observed document in the Boston exhibition is a facsimile—unfortunately America does not possess the original—of a letter written by Beethoven to George Augustus Polgreen Bridgetower, a mulatto violinist for whom Beethoven composed the Kreutzer Sonata. Bridgetower was one of the most talented performers of his day and was so recognized throughout Europe. Nevertheless, the musician could not avoid certain exaggerated mannerisms that militated against him, drew smiles from his audience and won for him the sobriquet "The Abyssinian Prince." He was European born.

NEW ORLEANS I.A. HICAYUN! NOVEMBER 1, 1922

The Negro in Music
The Boston Public Library has been holding during the month of October a special exhibition of the work of American negroes. The show is comprehensive in that it contains examples not only of the graphic arts but also of music, a field in which the African race has won popular as well as critical recognition.

As rightly says a writer signing "W. S. S." in the Boston Transcript, the interest in such a collection of musical and biographical material at the present time does not focus upon such men as Burleigh and Coleridge Taylor, negroes whose compositions are well able to hold prominence without reference to the race of their authors, but upon other and older composers who worked under a greater disadvantage.

In the older group stands prominently, and almost alone of his people as a composer of piano music in the early nineteenth century Basile Barres, a Louisi-

Cause of Negro Music Advancing by Year's Activities

Negro Composers Making Larger Use of Music of Their Race—National Association Protests Against Debasing of Spirituals—Conservatory for Colored Students Opened in Chicago—Pullman Porters Form Quartets

By CLEVELAND G. ALLEN

NOTEWORTHY growth of interest in negro music in the last year has stimulated its development, has given fresh encouragement and new opportunities to Negro artists, and has helped them and their endeavor to occupy a more important place than ever before in the life of the nation. The year has been an eventful one for Negro music. Negro musicians have appeared to better advantage than in any preceding year.

Negro composers and musicians are beginning to take a livelier interest in the music of their race and are coming more and more to make this music the basis of their own works. This fact is helping, perhaps as much as any other, to bring about a changed public attitude toward Negro music.

The National Association of Negro Musicians, composed of the foremost Negro artists of the country, most of whom are graduates of leading conservatories, has been formed for the purposes of developing Negro music and encouraging young and ambitious Negro students to make a serious work of their profession and to set for their emulation the highest possible standards. One of the constructive ideas translated into action at the last annual convention of this association, held in Columbus, Ohio, in July, took the form of a resolution of protest against any attempt to abuse or commercialize Negro spirituals. It was voted to exert the association's influence to keep these songs out of the theaters, and to have them sung only in such circumstances and surroundings as will enhance their dignity and reverence.

The association has also started a national educational campaign for the purpose of informing the public about Negro music and to open up avenues for young Negro artists who are seeking to make their first appearance on the concert stage. An executive secretary was appointed whose business it will be to travel and organize local branches of the association and to encourage Negro musical genius. The association will mean much

for the furtherance of good music among the Negroes.

National Conservatory for Negroes

The opening of the Chicago University of Music this year is another effort to establish a national conservatory for Negroes. The aim of the school will be to give students a complete education in music. The school has been opened by Pauline Lee, a young woman who has long been eager to see a national conservatory for colored people. Miss Lee was so persistent in her efforts that she attracted the attention of Mme. Ernestine Schumann Heink, who turned over her beautiful home at 3672 Michigan Avenue to Miss Lee for the establishment of the conservatory.

There will be a department devoted to the study of Negro music. The faculty of the school is made up of some of the leading Negro musicians, several of whom enjoy national reputations in their respective fields. Among them may be mentioned Hazel Harrison, Negro pianist; Florence Cole Talbert, well known soprano; Clarence Cameron White, one of the leading Negro violinists; Major N. Clark Smith, Negro band leader; Harrison Emmanuel, violinist and DeKoven Thompson, a young Negro composer who was discovered by Mme. Schumann Heink when he was working as a Pullman porter. The conservatory is already beginning to attract attention and its future is full of promise for the education of Negroes in music.

The Fisk University Singers, of Nashville, Tenn., have had a very successful season this year. The singers have made their annual tour in which they featured Negro spirituals. They fulfilled several engagements in New York, some of them being at DeWitt Clinton High School under the auspices of the Evening Mail Music Club. The Fisk singers are a well trained group of Negro artists, who bring to their work a fine musical background. They were headed by Prof. J. W. Myers, one of the most beautiful tenor singers the Negro race has produced.

New Collection of Negro Spirituals

Professor John W. Work, of Fisk University, one of the foremost authorities on Negro music and author of "Folk Songs of the Afro-American," and his brother, Fred Work, also for many years connected with Fisk University, have issued a new book on Negro spirituals. The book contains an altogether new collection of Negro songs representing many years' research throughout the South by Professor Work and his brother. They have discovered a wealth of material built around these songs, which discloses many interesting things depicting the

struggles of the Negro through his music.

Lydia Mason, who is a student at the Fisk University Conservatory of Music, gave a series of recitals in New York in the course of the summer. She is one of the most promising of the younger group of Negro concert artists who are now in training.

Henry Estheridge, a young Negro tenor, who was educated at the Northwestern University Conservatory, will give recitals this season as far west as the Pacific coast.

Pullman Quartets Organized

One of the most novel and interesting developments connected with Negro music has been the Pullman company's formation of quartets among its Negro porters to sing the Negro spirituals. This has proved popular with the traveling public, and it has helped to give the public some idea of the value of Negro music, and has further served to bring about a spirit of good will between the races. To organize these singers and supervise their music the Pullman Company has appointed Major N. Clark Smith, one of the most prominent of Negro musicians and composers, who for many years was connected with Tuskegee. The quartets have been organized in sections and as a result of this new departure by the Pullman Company a finer and more cordial spirit has been brought about among the men. Besides the quartets, Major Smith has organized bands made up of Pullman porters. These bands have been trained to give concerts in which Negro music is featured. There are 9000 Negro employees in the Pullman service and Major Smith hopes to have this entire force organized into a musical association.

Mrs. Jessie Zackery, of Denver, has been attracting attention this year as a soloist. She is one of the most gifted of the younger group of Negro singers, and will appear in the course of the season in concert at a Broadway theater. She has a voice of remarkable quality and range and sings with fine musical intelligence. She will also give private recitals, as well as appear in other concerts.

The Johnson-Taylor Trio, three capable Negro artists who have been giving recitals throughout the country, have been banded. They plan to resume concert work next season.

Successful Work by Nathaniel Dett

One of the outstanding compositions among works by Negro composers this year has been "The Enchantment Suite" by Nathaniel Dett, a Negro musician of wide reputation, who is now director of music at Hampton Institute. He was educated at Oberlin Conservatory and has devoted much of his life to the preservation of Negro spirituals, a work which has made him widely and favor-

ably known. More works by him than by any other Negro composer are used in churches throughout the land.

Harry T. Burleigh, for many years a soloist at St. George's Protestant Episcopal Church, New York, and who is one of the most gifted of Negro composers, has been busy this year developing several of his Negro themes. He is much in demand as a singer of Negro spirituals and has taken the lead in guarding these songs against abuse by careless minstrels. He gave a recital at New York University for the benefit of the summer school students last July.

The Martin-Smith School of Music in New York, under the direction of David I. Martin, graduated its first class at its commencement in May. The school is one of the largest in the country for colored people and gives a full course in music leading to a diploma. It has an enrollment of 500 pupils and a faculty of well-trained teachers.

Sidney Woodward, a Negro tenor who came into prominence at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893 and who is now conducting a studio in New York, will give recitals this season.

It is interesting to note the attention that is paid to Negro music by white musicians and lecturers. One of the features of the program of the General Federation of Women's Clubs at Chautauqua, New York, was a lecture recital on "The Music of the American Negro" given by George Miller and Cora Lucas, prominent white artists from South Carolina. Both of these artists have made a study of Negro music and are enthusiasts on the subject.

Powell Work Shows Possibilities of Negro Song

At the Asheville Festival this year, which is one of the notable musical affairs of the South, a feature of the musical program was the presentation of John Powell's Negro Rhapsody. This work has been widely acclaimed and was played by Mr. Powell in the course of his visit to Europe with the New York Symphony. The work brought forth high praise from those who heard it as being typical of the possibilities of Negro music.

Floyd Jones, a white tenor who has been singing Negro spirituals in his recitals for several seasons, is to make a further study of this music. He plans to spend considerable time on a Mississippi plantation where he will study the various types of songs sung by the Negroes. The State of Mississippi has furnished much of the folk-lore of the Negro and Mr. Jones will find abundant material for his future work on Negro music.

E. A. Jackson, a young Negro organist, after passing an examination, held at Columbia University, with an average standing of ninety per cent, has been admitted to membership in the National Guild of Organists. He is the second Negro to be admitted to membership in this organization.

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Songs (by request):

"Drink to me only with thine eyes," Roger Quilter.

"Le Thé," Koechlin.

"Le Rêve (Manon)," Massenet.

"Chevauchée Cosaque," Fourdrain.

"Du bist die ruh," Schubert.

Negro Spirituals (Sorrow Songs):—

"When I'm gone," "You may bury me in de East,"

"Weepin' Mary," "Swing low, sweet Chariot,"

all arr. H. T. Burleigh.

Songs of Joy:—

"Little David, play on your Harp," arr. Roland Hayes.

"Joshua fit de Battle ob Jericho," "Dauville Chariot,"
arr. H. T. Burleigh.

"Witness," arr. Roland Hayes.

"Steal away" (Resignation Song), arr. Lawrence
Brown.

"By and bye" (Song of Hope), arr. H. T. Burleigh.

"Sit down" (Song of Anticipation), arr. Roland
Hayes."Go down, Moses" (Song of Deliverance), arr. H. T.
Burleigh.

Mr. Roland Hayes, who is leaving shortly for a tour in America, gave a farewell recital on Friday evening, November 24th, at the Æolian Hall, New Bond Street. Practically all the songs, of which there were 17 on the programme, were "by request," and the five or six additional ones sung by the famous tenor were suggested to him by the enthusiastic audience. The programme was divided into groups, the spirituals and folk-songs of his own race predominating, and an inspiring conclusion came with the singing of the "Cruxification" without accompaniment. Mr. Lawrence Brown, who came over from the United States with Mr. Hayes, was at the piano, and shared in the enthusiastic applause which was given by every member of the large audience. It would be difficult to single out any particular song on the programme for special praise, every song being rendered with that perfection music lovers expect from this accomplished vocalist. For over two hours he sang, and one could see that he was singing for sheer love of singing and enjoying the golden notes of the voice which he regards as something not given to him for himself alone, but for all his race. With his wonderful gift he hopes to make his people and their needs better known, and one can see that as he sings such songs as the "Water Boy" and "Sit down."

After the recital there was a remarkable scene in one of the reception rooms. Practically every member of the very distinguished audience waited in a queue to shake hands personally with the singer and to urge him to return to this country after the American tour. He explained that a return visit was arranged.

Mr. Hayes goes back to America with the applause of the most critical music lovers of Great Britain ringing in his ears, and the applause is richly deserved. His music, to which WEST AFRICA was perhaps the first in this country to pay tribute, comes straight from his soul, where all good singing is supposed to come from, and one can say no more beyond that it is superb. During his stay in this country he has had the honour of singing to the King, the Queen and members of their Majesties' family, and he carries back with him to America proud memories of a tea-time visit to Buckingham Palace, words of royal praise, warm handshakes, and a souvenir scarfpin to mark what he considers the most memorable occasion in his career. At Glasgow he sang to a famous music society, and so that all the members of that body could hear him he had to sing on three successive nights in one of the large halls of Scot-

land's commercial capital. All over England he has sung at concerts and recitals, and he has been pressed into service for many charities, service which was always freely given. In addition, he has sung in many of the most exclusive drawing-rooms in Mayfair.

THE TIMES
MAY 14, 1922

Spring Poets Tune Up Their Lyres

INTRODUCING IRONY. By Maxwell Bodenheim. Boni & Liveright.

HARLEM SHADOWS. By Claude McKay. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

YOUTH GROWS OLD. By Robert Nathan. Robert M. McBride Company.

IRON MONGER. By S. A. De Witt. Frank Shay.

THE SWEPT HEARTH. By Amory Hare. Dodd, Mead & Co.

SONGS AND MORE SONGS OF THE GLENS OF ANTRIM. By Moira O'Neill. Macmillan Company.

DOW-ADOWN-DERRY. By Walter De La Mare. Henry Holt & Co.

SONGS OF LI-TAI-PE. An Interpretation From the Portuguese. By Jordan Herbert Stabler. Edgar H. Wells & Co.

THE LE GALLIENNE BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE. Edited by Richard Le Gallienne. Boni & Liveright.

MODERN AMERICAN AND BRITISH POETRY. Edited by Louis Untermeyer. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

THE YALE RECORD BOOK OF VERSE, 1872-1922. Edited by Francis W. Bronson. Yale University Press.

OLD ENGLISH POETRY. By J. Duncan Spæth. Princeton University Press.

SPRING publications in the field of poetry are meagre. No one book of superior excellence stands out, although there are a number of volumes in which the public will take more or less interest. Among those volumes by new and individual writers, who really have something strange to give their contemporaries, is Mr. Maxwell Bodenheim. His "Introducing Irony" is a volume that will probably not be popular, but that is no fault of lack of technique and poetic ardor on his part. It lies rather in his immersion in new theories and methods of expressing himself. Mr. Bodenheim certainly ranks with the distinguished figures in America among the so-called radical poets. He is an aristocrat in a way, and his work conveys the extreme delicacy and consistency of his theories. It is impossible to attach any particular name to his genre of work, although, perhaps, the title cerebral poet would help to picture him. "Introducing Irony" does just what its title implies, but it does it with a becoming subtlety

that will cause many readers to fail to properly grasp his method. Those readers who desire nothing more than simplicity and who still adhere to the idea that poetry should not be a medium that arouses thought, analysis and careful concentration will not like "Introducing Irony." They will dismiss it with a superior smile, not knowing that, in reality, they are the ones who will eventually arouse the laughter.

There are many rooms in the great palace of poetry and no reader and lover of this art can fail to find his own proper place. But it is all too often the case that readers having established their own preferences proceed to attack the other rooms in this great palace sheerly because their individual tastes do not permit of their entrance to them. There is a public, however, to whom cerebral poetry is of genuine appeal, and it is to this public that Mr. Bodenheim must turn for his audience. In a way, he is a pathfinder, a breaker-down of old convictions and stone walls of prejudice. His art is a concentrated one. Its idea is to pack the meanings as closely as possible. This sometimes causes him to lose himself in a wilderness of words, for Mr. Bodenheim loves words mightily. He sees them in colors and hues and sound, and it is his idea to make them perform quaint gymnastics for him. Under no consideration will he use clichés; his phrasing must always be extremely individual and formed of word-combinations that have never before been used. Occasionally a brittle quality creeps into his work because of his gusto, but for the most part he is a sound technician, much sounder than the average reader will presume, and the poetical content of his work is always matter of pertinence to the times about him. He has not received the regard that should be his from various people, but he should understand that this is only a question of time, for lovers of American poetry cannot afford to ignore Maxwell Bodenheim. He is there, and impressing himself mightily on his generation. Here is an example of his work, a sonnet to his wife:

Because her voice is Schönberg in a dream

In which his harshness plays with softer keys
This does not mean that it is void of ease
And cannot gather to a strolling gleam.
Her voice is full of manners and they seem
To place a masquerade on thought and tease
Its strength until it finds that it has knees,
And whimsically leaves its heavy scheme.

Discords can be the search of harmony
For words that lie beyond the reach of poise
And must be captured with abandoned hands.
The music of my wife strives to be free
And often takes a light unbalanced voice
While madly walking over thoughtful lands.

It is regrettable that there is not room to quote the entire poem. "The Scrubwoman," but the last bit of it will afford the reader an idea of the authentic pathos which Mr. Bodenheim can pack into his tightly conceived lines.

Life caressed your senses
With a heavy sterility,
And you thanked him with the remnant

Of thought that he left behind—
His usual moment of absentminded kindness.

When the muscles of your arm
Fanish the brush that rubs upon wool

I see a rollicking mockery—
Rhythm in starved pursuit
Of petrified desire.

When the palms of your hands
Stay flat in dirty water
I can observe your emotions
Welcome refuse as perfume,

Intent upon a last ghastly deception.
When you grunt and touch your hair

I perceive your exhaustion
Reaching for a bit of pity
And carefully rearranging it.

Lift up your pails and go home;
Take the false tenderness of rest;
Drop your clothes, disordered, on the floor.
Vindictive simplicity.

There is something that fascinates the reader in this workmanship, and those readers who are at all interested in modern poetry and its experimentations cannot do better than to read "Introducing Irony," for in it they will find a crystallization of the new curiosity in analytic poetry.

More conservative measures are to be discovered in "Harlem Shadows," by Claude McKay. This young negro is responsible for a bulk of poetry that seems quite new from his race. In the past we have judged the negro in poetry by Paul Lawrence Dunbar and other writers who kept more or less closely to the dialect medium. Mr. McKay does not employ dialect at all. He strives to portray the spirit of the modern

negro in a high and lofty manner. Most of the time he succeeds, although it must be admitted that certain portions of his book unravel into mere sentiment. Such efforts as his "Flame Heart," however, exhibit admirably the deal of color that he can capture in his stanzas. This poem is too long to quote, so Mr. McKay must be represented by "Heritage," a finely worded lyric of genuine strength:

Now the dead past seems vividly alive,
And in this shining moment I can trace,
Down through the vista of the vanished years,
Your faun-like form, your fond elusive face.

And suddenly some secret spring's released,
And unawares a riddle is revealed,
And I can read like large, black-lettered print,
What seemed before a thing forever sealed.

I know the magic word, the graceful thought,
The song that fills me in my lucid hours.

(Continued on Page 19)

N. Y. C. POST
MAY 13, 1922

Creole Negro Songs

BAYOU BALLADS. By MINA MONROE. New York: G. Schirmer. 1921.

Reviewed by GRACE KING

CREOLE negro songs are one of the prettiest legacies to New Orleans from her Colonial past. They were sung by succeeding generations of Creole mammys to their nurslings. They have never existed in a fixed form, but were passed on in the old classical way from one memory to another. They are unique of their kind, being in truth the only slave songs that we have that come straight and fresh from hearts perfectly free as yet from influence of the civilization of a dominant, superior race.

We have songs written by educated colored men in French poetry and so well written that they are not to be distinguished from the songs sung by their masters around the dinner table, white songs reproduced by colored writers, but the Creole negro songs are purely original emanations from the slave mind. We know no other reason for them except that they were improvisations on subjects of daily life and were fitted to airs already existing in the memories of the black folk. Their interest to historical students consists in this, as well as in their melody forms and the various specimens of *patois* which they preserve. Each mammy had had her own songs, versions of the songs common to all, and her own way of singing them; consequently the variations among them are innumerable, but they all

RACE ARTIST SINGS FOR
4/29/22 RADIO
Washington D.C. Tribune
New Orleans La.—Black Swan
Troubadours and Ethel Waters company, composed of singers and players who make Black Swan Records and who have been on tour for over five months, attracted so much attention that the New Orleans Daily Item, one of the largest white dailies in the South, engaged the Company to sing and play their famous Jazz numbers, over the Radiophone through the New Orleans, broadcasting station.
The concert was heard in five states and in Mexico and thousands of radio fans listened to a colored girl sing through the air. Miss Waters, who has broken many records on this trip, adds another star to her laurels by being the first Colored girl to sing over the radio. She was accompanied by the Black Swan Jazz Masters under the direction of F. H. Henderson, Jr.

conform to a regular tradition as to subject, with only an occasional interpolation of personal wit or malice. Mina Monroe has conferred a favor of real worth upon students of history and music in recording the songs with their music as she heard them in childhood from the lips of her mammy, introducing them in a preface full of grace and charm. In her pages are found the very best of them. May it be permitted here to say that no one is better fitted than she for such a gracious service. She comes from a family that has borne with proud distinction its title of Creole, maintaining in their *salon* the standard of Creole culture—two languages spoken with ease and elegance, and a *salon* where always could be found good music and good conversation. Her infancy was blessed with the care of a fine old Creole mammy, from whom she learned to sing before she could talk, as all Creole children do.

The melodies suffer in the process of musical notation. They are too temperamental for mechanical instrumentation. They are, so to speak, only at home in the soft, rich, colorful, slow-moving voices of the Creole negro, with their infinite capacity for shading. The language of the songs is so frankly difficult of interpretation as to be untranslatable, particularly into English.

The blending of French and Spanish that made up the familiar language of the Creole negro—their "gumbo," as it is nicknamed locally, like that same succulent dish of their culinary invention or imagination—possesses a savor that only one of their own kind of race can produce.

Lafcadio Hearn, during his residence in New Orleans, collected Creole songs. He lived as a boarder

in the home of Marie Laveau, the reputed Voodoo queen, of whom he became a pupil and from whom he learned more than any one else before him of the negro tribes that came to Louisiana, their superstitions, their dialect, their charms, their mysteries, their dances, their songs, and their music. He returned in time to his own country and people, bringing with him that most curious and valuable collection of negro proverbs, which he published under the title of "Gombo Z'herbes" (gombo z'herbes being considered the best of all gombos). This book of proverbs, with his analytical comments and notices, is undoubtedly one of the most precious books in Louisiana bibliography. The songs that he collected, however, were not given to the public, for reasons that are not known. One of the stories about them is that he gave them to his friend George Cable, whom he wholeheartedly admired, who was then at the crest of his fame and popularity, to be added to Cable's own collection, afterwards published many years ago in successive numbers of *Scribner's Magazine*, with the musical accompaniments by Mme. Emilie Lejeune, an exquisite

Creole musician.

Heloise H. Cruzat, the assistant secretary of the Louisiana Historical Society, has found time amid her multitudinous labors to pick up and put together the Creole songs she found on her way in quest of other information. Her manuscript contains forty or fifty of them, and they furnish an interesting complement to the ballads collected by Miss Monroe. Miss Cruzat has kindly allowed the following gleanings. The love songs are simple and all of them most pathetic in their hopelessness.

Ah! Susette, thou dost not love me, I am going to work to cut cane to make plenty of money to give you. But thou dost not love me, my dear; thou dost not love me! I love you! I love you! If you were a bird, my dear, and I were a little gun, I would shoot you! Boum! I would shoot you dead! Ah! darling mahogany treasure, I love you! I love you! as a hog loves the mud!

The refrain "Chere mo l'aime toi" used to be played with splendid effect as dance music by the colored pianist, Basil Barls, at all the balls fifty years ago. "Dansez Codaine" was originally "dansez Coq d'Inde" (guinea fowl). But as this was a bird of impure notoriety the title and the words were strictly revised by careful mammies. "Clementine" is the plaint of a lover whose belle is sought after by others, by this one and that, by an Indian from the cane-brake, ending with the climax, the final tragedy, "Michie Marigny has sent for you!" This was the great, rich, all-powerful Bernard Marigny, the irresistible, the insatiable, the unscrupulous in love.

"Marianne" is as spirited a recital as can be found anywhere (and found only this once in Creole songs) of a courting of a slave by a master. He comes to her sorrowfully:

"My cane is burnt up (by the sun). My cane is burnt up, Marianne! My crop is gone!"

"If your cane is burnt up, if your crop is gone, love is gone, too!"

"Grenadiers," strange to say, is a gruesome recollection of some attempt at insurrection by the negroes on the coast plantations, when prompt and severe punishment was meted out to the leaders of the plot. "Suzanne jolie femme," unlike Marianne, makes no demand:

She seeks not for stuffed chairs, nor silk petticoats, nor rignon of Madras (very costly), nor four posted bed, Suzanne, Jolie femme! She wants just gumbo filé, Suzanne jolie femme!

All the hatred and rivalry of the pure blacks against the colored bursts forth in

Look at the little Mulatto, with his banjo! See how insolent! Hat cocked on side! Cane in hand! Shoes with no creak! Cigar in mouth! Look at the little Mulatto there! Insolent!

"You're a black, Vous té ein Morico" preserves the story of Toucoutou, a beautiful colored girl, who

appeared to be white and passed for such." The "Ball of Monsieur Preval" is the longest, the best, and most popular of all Creole songs. It has a real ballad sequence of events and is historical. It is also called the song of the old "Boscoyo," as we like to imagine, from some old "boscot" dwarf negro, who was a looker-on at the frolic. Preval was a staid bank official who lived in the rue "hôpital" (hospital) in a house that had a large stable. In this he permitted his coachman to give a ball for negroes, but Louis neglected to get the proper permit from the city officials. After one particular jamboree the Boscoyo perforce must pay his compliments to M. Mazureau in "his little bureau (office) looking like a frog in a bucket of water!" This latter was the famous Attorney General of Louisiana, Etienne Mazureau, the pride and glory of the Louisiana bar, whose eloquence was held to surpass that of Henry Clay. The Boscoyo evidently knew him. "Poor Monsieur Preval!" was fined one hundred dollars! He said: "Bien merci; no more balls for me! He goes hunting now! Bdjoum! Bdjoum! Dansez Calenda! Bdjoum! Bdjoum!"

"Poor Monsieur Preval" fell in a duel later, killed by a New Orleans gentleman whom he promptly challenged for speaking lightly of the Creoles of Martinique.

GYPSIES MAKE WAR ON AMERICAN JAZZ BANDS

May 31st (Preston News) War has been declared and proclaimed in earnest here between gypsy musicians of Hungary and American Negro Jazz-band artists. Mostly gypsy women. It is claimed the gypsies, who have entertained Hungarians for several thousand years assert that American Negroes are invading their markets, and they have organized and determined to drive the jazz artists out.

The leader, a native of Mississippi, of the American Jazz-Band is reported to have declared that he accepts the challenge of the gypsies and will fight to the last ditch.

W O TIMES
JUNE 11, 1922

The Tanner Art League, composed exclusively of negro artists, has been holding its third annual exhibition in the Dunbar High School for colored students in Washington, D. C. The majority of the exhibitors were from out of town and the exhibits were sent from all parts of the country. They comprised oil paintings, water colors, prints, sculpture, and a small amount of commercial and craft work.

A group of sculpture by May Howard Jackson, a former student of the Pennsylvania Academy and an exhibitor at the National Academy of Design in New York, was impressive both for its sincerity and skill and because it was frankly representative of racial characteristics and problems.

The Chicago University Of Music

Colored Musicians Founded And Incorporated Institution

Chicago, Ill. (Associated Negro Press)—Colored American musicians have founded a University of Music in Chicago. Who should more fittingly build a university of music in America than the Negroes, who are the soul of its music?

This university is located in the beautiful home of Madam Schumann-Heine, at 38th and Michigan Avenue. It is the house in which the great singer lived and rehearsed, and where her sons were born. She has let this beautiful mansion to the music school at a normal rental, and she herself had the pleasure of attending the opening exercises. On the corner opposite are the palatial residences of the Armours, who builded theirs out of hogs, while Madam builded out of music, and it might be observed in passing that while the singer is dedicating her home to the genius of music, the Armours are tearing down one of their gaudy palaces to be replaced by a commercial garage.

Pauline James Lee, who used to do service with Madam Hackley, is the president of the imposing faculty of this new university and among her teaching force will appear such well-known names as Major N. Clark Smith, Florence Cole Talbot, Clarence Cameron White and a score of others.

They will give instructions not only in all voice and on all instruments but also in English diction and foreign languages, in dancing, acting and dramatics, in composition and in music history and pedagogy. The mansion has a beautiful dance and music room on the third floor.

LANCASTER PA NEW YORK
MAY 3, 1922

NEGRO MUSIC AND MINSTRELS

Race's Inherent Love Of Melody
Has Had Deep Influence Upon
America's Popular Songs.

COMMON USE OF SYNCOPATION

SARA E. BITNER.

Teacher of English, Stevens High School.

The coming of the negro to America

has served to introduce into our musical life features which are unique in the annals of history. From his advent may be traced influences which have had a marked effect in the production of music both of a popular and of a more pretentious character in this country.

America received its first importation of negro slaves in 1619 and these unfortunate people brought their own crude songs. Of all the undeveloped races the African negro seems to have been the most gifted musically, for his primitive melodies resemble those of the whites more closely than those of any similar people.

In his native home the negro made use of music in his incantations and religious observances much after the same manner as the Indian in America. When first brought to this country it was but natural that he should cling to his Voodooism, the species of idolatry and superstition which constituted his religion. Connected with its rites were many rude chants which served to form the foundation of the music which developed under his new environment.

It was not until about the middle of the 19th century that any effort was put forth in research regarding the music of the American negro. His songs had become incorporated into the music of the whites and accepted as part of our musical heritage. While not of strictly American origin they have undoubtedly gone to form the foundation of such folk-song literature as this country possesses.

The negro naturally is a care-free, happy, cheerful individual, but mirth and laughter find little expression in the song of a people long depressed with thoughts of exile and unhappy under oppression with no promise of alleviation. Songs born under such conditions naturally express, both in words and music, a spirit of resignation touched with yearnings to reach eventually the land of Canaan, which promised not so much a reward of virtue as freedom from bondage. That is why the great majority of slave songs are semi-religious in character.

In order to form a true conception of negro songs it is necessary to hear them sung by their creators, for the negro possesses a peculiar quality of voice which is next to impossible to imitate. When singing in chorus the leader starts the verse, the others joining in where fancy leads them, sometimes following the principal melody and again improvising parts, the general ensemble serving to produce

unique harmony. It is strange how these untrained singers, in spite of their apparently haphazard manner of "joining", will always keep the most perfect time and rarely produce discords. In the matter of rhythm the negro seems to be more universally gifted than any other race.

The prevalent use of the minor mode is another characteristic of his music. It undoubtedly comes from two sources: first, from the fact that many of his melodies are formed in the pentatonic scale common to all uncultured peoples; second, on account of the sorrows and tribulations resultant from his particular environment, the minor key best expressing the feelings produced by such conditions. Another feature of the rhythm is the common use of syncopations such as are found in the so-called "rag-time" music of today, which found its source in the negro melodies.

Song was to the negro the sole means of expressing his emotions and feelings, and from these songs may be formed the truest judgment of his character and disposition.

The "Sorrow Songs" of the negro, the oldest of the slave songs that survive, are permeated with a strain of suggestive sadness, although few allusions are made to slavery itself, yet it requires no great mental acuteness to discover the yearning for relief from his surroundings, as well as the heart-throb when ties of home and family, no matter how simple nor rude, were ruthlessly severed. Even the reading of the words of many of these songs conveys to the mind a pathos which makes its appeal to humanity at large.

Beside the "Slave Songs" there were "Sper'chels," which were sung under great religious excitement—death, the resurrection and Satan being the favorite themes. The negro utilized his Satanic majesty in song much in the same way that he was introduced in the "miracle plays" of medieval Europe, as a source of amusement as well as of terror:

O, Satan comes, like a busy ole man,
Hally, O hally, O Hal-lelu!
He gets you down at the foot o' de hills,
Hally, O hally, O Hal-lelu!

In addition to the "Sper'chels" proper, which were sung sitting, there were the "Running Sper'chels," or "Shout Songs" which were accompanied by all kinds of fantastic motions. Something of the primitive African dance is suggested by these "Shout Songs."

While religious emotions called into being the larger part of the songs, there are others which picture conditions in slave life. There were those sung at dusk when returning from

work, and these plaintive songs show the dark side of slavery. There are others which show the bright side, when dancing was allowed in the evening and unrestrained laughter resounded around the cabin fire. The love songs of the negro with few exceptions are trifling and perhaps frivolous.

Work on the plantations was often done to the accompaniment of songs whose rhythmic swing acted as an incentive to steadier and better labor. Charles Peabody tells of a leader in a band of slaves who was besought by his companions not to sing a certain song because it made them work too hard.

The railroad idea was used by the negro in his religious songs. He likened the Christian to a traveler on a train; the Lord was the conductor and the servants of the church were the brakemen.

In Louisiana the music of the negro took on a special color owing to the influence of his Creole masters. This is noticeable in the French patois of his songs and in the character of the music of his songs and dances. A distinctive feature of the early song of the Creole negro is its story of animal life.

The slave song is a music of the past, for these songs peculiar to plantation life in the South have faded away with the conditions that fostered them. Under the altered conditions the negro has undergone a marked change which has resulted in a dearth of song production. What he eventually will achieve musically remains for the years to tell. Orators, writers, thinkers, and poets have come from the ranks of the American negro, but the composer is yet to arise who will take these bits of melody, typical of his race, and on them construct compositions of true artistic worth.

Though not of American birth, the name of Coleridge-Taylor may here be mentioned in this connection. Of African descent, Coleridge-Taylor has taken negro melodies as themes from which he has evolved many charming compositions. He is the first negro to win renown in the field of music.

Among the composers who have used negro themes as material in composition, Antonio Tvorak ranks highest. His "New World" symphony is founded chiefly on such themes, and America owes much to him for showing the possibilities in the use of this material. Doubtless as America comes to produce something approaching nationalism in music more and more use will be made of this valuable thematic material.

The negro has exerted an influence

in the history of music in America not only by means of his own song, but indirectly through the efforts of the negro minstrel whose inspirations were derived from negro sources. Nationalities have each in turn had their minstrels, all closely allied by ties of resemblance in style and manner of performance; but America had its own individual type.

It is not a difficult matter to find the cause for the long continued popularity of negro minstrelsy, for it gave to the public an entertainment which was original and made its appeal from many sides. In himself the negro was an interexisting character, and when travestied, with all his peculiarities exaggerated, he became even more so. It was the song rather than the singer which first drew and held the attention of the public. In addition to these songs the negro minstrel had a manner of performing instrumental music that was peculiarly his own. Trick music it might be termed, for the banjo and fiddle were played in all sorts of positions, under the leg, behind the back, and over the head. The fiddle was made to imitate almost all the sounds of nature, and from such materials, with the song and dance, was the minstrel show fashioned.

It is interesting to note that many actors who later became famous, appeared first as negro minstrels, among the number being Forrest, Booth, and Joe Jefferson. Other names which might be mentioned are: George Washington Dixon, Ralph Keeler, Charles White, Daniel Emmett known as the composer of "Old Dan Tucker" and "Dixie", and Christy.

It is impossible to class the "coon" songs of the last 20 years apart from the popular music in general, for they have been given to the public much more frequently without the accompaniment of the burnt-cork make-up than with it.

America owes much to the negro in the creation and development of its popular music, for a large part of such music is due directly or indirectly to negro sources. He gave us first of all of his own peculiarly characteristic melodies which, as time goes on, are tending more and more to form the foundation of our folk-song literature. Had it not been for the negro there never would have come into existence the early minstrel songs which were patterned after those of the negro himself. From the demand of the minstrels for songs of suitable styles there developed the ever popular compositions of Stephen C. Foster and others of like character.

There is no doubt that America has been the gainer musically from the unconscious influence of the unfortunate people first brought to the country as slaves.

ONLY NEGRO JAZZ PLEASES PARIS

French Musicians, in Despair, Offer to Use Motor Horns, but Don't Get Jobs

PARIS, April 16.—The jazz band out of France is the latest task Premiere Poincare has been asked to undertake by a committee of the Municipal Council, inspired by a large number of French musicians who complain of being driven out of employment by the colored jazz men.

Many would gladly cast aside the violins and flutes with which they won first prizes as virtuosos at the National Conservatory, and do the jazzing themselves with banjo, motorcar horn or any other instrument of moral torture to their own artistic temperament. But their offers are scorned by restaurant and dancing-hall managers, who tell them:

"Call again when you have changed the color of your skin."

Musicians call it the "Black Peril."

French musicians complain too that jazz has brought with it a certain kind of music and the public will listen to no other. French compositions have been ousted by those imported from America.

A "Salon of French Musicians" has been formed to popularize the works of French composers. Concerts are given at the Paris Conservatory and elsewhere at which composers play their own compositions.

orbitant price for commissions and rake offs and interest. We are now urging them to accept still larger debts, debts which they declare they do not want, do not need and will never be able to pay.

"We have compelled them to rewrite their constitutions so that men of wealth may go in and buy up for a song their fertile lands and exploit the small holders. We have already destroyed the press and have abolished free speech. We have imprisoned and punished those who have been brave enough to protest. These things we have done in the face of our solemn pledge to do the very opposite.

"Twice within the last five years five great nations have met in the name of peace and proclaimed to the world their love of liberty, their devotion to righteousness. They have written leagues and framed alliances and made promises. But the people now ask for deeds, not words; acts, not promises.

"Look at France in Syria, Great Britain in Mesopotamia, Japan in Siberia, and the United States, our own republic, in Hayti and San Domingo, oppressing people over whom they have no right to rule; military governments for peoples whose liberties they

have taken away; imprisoning men for no other crime than daring to stand up for the liberty of their people and the independence of their nation; shooting men for no other offense than repeating the words which immortalized James Otis and Thomas Jefferson.

"If we want peace we must first do

COLORED MAN DISPLAYS

OIL PAINTINGS IN N. Y.

Philadelphia and
Predicted as One of the
World's Greatest Artists
at Waldorf-Astoria
Exhibit 4/8/22

New York City, April 4.—In just such a manner as the late Paul Laurence Dunbar, was discovered, and his remarkable poetical genius recognized and given to the world, in a similar manner has the brilliant artistic talent of Cecil Gaylord, 21, living in an unpretentious home in lower Manhattan, become the center of attraction and the chief subjects for the eminent art critics who are reviewing the paintings at the sixth annual exhibition of the Society of Independent Artists, which opened Friday last at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Mr. Henry Tyrrell, art critic of the New York World, speaks of the "picture-patterned fairyland that Cecil Gaylord, an untaught colored lad, has made of the drab houses and dingy streets of out-of-the-way Manhattan." To star in the Independent exhibit is the "dream of every artist," to quote a Greenwich villager. Therefore, when a Negro, an unknown Negro, is able to get his work in it is of interest, Mr. John Sloan, president of the Society of Independent Artists told me what he thought of Gaylord as a painter. "Gaylord," he said, "first came to my attention through Romany Marie, at whose place on Christopher street he is employed as a dishwasher. It seems as if the lad has been doing a lot of quaint picturesque water-color drawing—drawings of still life—roofs chimney pots, old backyard scenes, etc. I had him bring up some of his work, and after a glance over them I felt there was something appealing, interesting, in them.

"Yes, I believe he has the makings of a great artist. I can see him fighting to express himself. Only one thing I am afraid of—and that is all this publicity. It might go to his head."

At present Gaylord's best friend is Mr. Sloan, who is known from Maine to California as one of America's greatest painters. The chief wing of his art, I found out, is to help struggling artists, and it is, indeed, gratifying to learn of his keen interest in Cecil Gaylord.

NORFOLK VA. GUIDE
APRIL 8, 1922

NEGRO MUSIC

Students of Negro music and members of the race generally who may read it will be interested in the following expression of opinion which appeared a few days ago in the editorial columns of the *Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch*:

"Negroes are imitative. They are mimics by nature. They are prone, however, to embellish. Their native music, usually a monotonous sing-song, for all its syncopated rhythm, lends itself admirably to this art. Being mimics, moreover, they have been quick to catch and adapt songs and melodies they have heard.

"Negroes in the South picked up Spanish, French and English melodies and then added their own embellishments. They 'ragged' them, singing them in their barbaric, syncopated rhythm. That is why there are such haunting, familiar refrains in many rag-time songs from negro sources. The imitative negro has simply picked up bits of folk-song, melodies that struck his fickle fancy and adapted them. These rag-time songs, being heard by white men, who did not recognize the original melody in its syncopated form, were again taken over and adapted, sometimes with fearful barbaric effects afterward designated jazz."

We had thought upon splendid authority that it was the late James Reese Europe, Negro, director of the famous Fifteenth New York regiment band, who originated and introduced jazz music in New York. It is an almost undisputed fact that Europe and his band introduced jazz music in London and Paris during the world war. If jazz were evolved from Negro ragtime it appears that a Negro first handed it down to white men to elaborate upon.

As to Negro music There is much historical and scientific controversy over the origination of Negro folk-song. There are two classes of intellectual white people. One, entirely sympathetic with the race, and friendly, holds to the theory, based upon so-called scientific knowledge, derived from years of observation of the raw slave and his illiterate descendants, that there is nothing original about the Negro; that he has no initiative. Thus we have Prof. Huger W. Jervay, writing in "The South in the Building of the Nation" (vol. 7, page 398) that "The Negro is a born copyist * * * The stuff out of which his songs are composed was the imported raw material of Scotch, Irish and English songs which came to the South with the early colonists and have disappeared, except in this form." Despite this bold attempt to deny that the race has any inherent genius for music Prof. Jervay says: "The plantation song of the Southern Negro is the only real development of folk-music that America has known. * * * They constitute a rich field of melodic material for future composers," and he goes on to declare that this music was the inspiration of Chadwick in the Scherzo of his Second Symphony; Dvorak's

New World Symphony and important compositions by Gottschalk and Schoenfeld. This coldly scientific type of our Southern white friends seem to write most of the books and histories, unfortunately. There is a great deal of truth in the assumption that the Negro is imitative. He could hardly be otherwise in a civilization that is several thousand years ahead of him and in which he was held slave and illiterate for two and a half centuries. But the Negro has also been imitated, much to the edification and delectation of his white friends. No comedian is as funny as a black face comedian, which accounts for so many burnt-cork artists on the American stage. If Bert Williams had not already achieved fame on the stage when Al Jolson appeared he would no doubt have been accused of imitating the white man.

The other class of intellectual white people refuse to close their minds upon the scientific theory that the Negro has no inherent genius; that he has no initiative. And so far as music is concerned the faith of this class is frequently justified, as in the case of young Nathaniel Dett, full blooded Negro, whose original compositions have attracted nation-wide attention; whose anthems are sung in the largest churches in New York, Philadelphia, Cleveland and other cities, and whose productions are turned out by the leading music publishers in America. Then there are Coleridge-Taylor, Will Marian Cook, J. Rosamond Johnson and many others, whose work surpass the stage of mimicry.

But the most convincing proof that the Negro brought his music from Africa is found in, "Songs and Tales from the Dark Continent," by Natalie Curtis Burlin (G. Schirmer, New York and Boston). After years of painstaking study of Negro music, Mrs. Burlin has recorded a volume of songs, as sung by native Africans, interpreted them into the English language, and of her discoveries she says: "Most primitive music is expressed in rhythm and melody alone, all voices singing in unison or in octaves usually conceived as unison. But the African has evolved polyphony of a rarely interesting type, and from the evidence at hand, it is safe to assume that at a time when Europe was laboriously making crude experiments in polyphonic art, the African had already developed part singing to the elaborate degree found among black native peoples today; while the round or catch, had probably been in use in Africa for hundreds of years. It was this same polyphonic instinct which developed in America into the intuitive gift for extemporized harmony so marked among the Negroes of the United States." The point is, that the Negro's rare gift for music was brought to America in slave ships, and is not a crude absorption of something dropped in America by Spanish, French and English settlers. If America has contributed any original music to civilization it owes that contribution to its citizens that are descendants of Africans.

Music, Poetry and Art - 1922.

ARTISTS OF NEGRO DESCENT

"Is it not curious to know that the greatest poet of Russia is Alexander Pushkin, a man of African descent; that the greatest romancer of France is Alexander Dumas, a man of African descent; and that one of the greatest musicians of England is Coleridge-Taylor, a man of African descent? *New York Age*

"The fact is fairly well known that the father of Dumas was a Negro of the French West Indies, and that the father of Coleridge-Taylor was a native-born African; but the facts concerning Pushkin's African ancestry are not so familiar. *12/16/22*

"When Peter the Great was Czar of Russia, some potentate presented him with a full-blooded Negro of gigantic size. Peter, the most eccentric ruler of modern times, dressed the Negro up in soldier clothes, christened him Hannibal, and made him a special body-guard.

"But Hannibal had more than size, he had brain and ability. He not only looked picturesque and imposing in soldier clothes, he showed that he had in him the making of a real soldier. Peter recognized this, and eventually made him a general. He afterwards ennobled him, and Hannibal, later, married one of the ladies of the Russian court. This same Hannibal was great-grandfather of Pushkin, the national poet of Russia, the man who bears the same relation to Russian literature that Shakespeare bears to English literature.

"I know the question naturally arises: If out of the few Negroes who have lived in France there came a Dumas; and out of the few Negroes who lived in England there came a Coleridge-Taylor; and if from the man who was at the time, probably, the only Negro in Russia there sprang that country's national poet, why have not the millions of Negroes in the United States with all the emotional and artistic endowment claimed for them produced a Dumas, or a Coleridge-Taylor, or a Pushkin?

"The question seems difficult, but there is an answer. The Negro in the United States is consuming all of his intellectual energy in this gruelling race-struggle. . . .

"But, even so, the American Negro has accomplished something in pure literature. The list of those who have done so would be surprising both by its length and the excellence of the achievements.

"Such a list begins with Phyllis Wheatley. In 1761 a slave ship landed a cargo of slaves in Boston. Among them was a little girl seven or eight years of age. She attracted the attention of John Wheatley, a wealthy gentleman of Boston, who purchased her as a servant for his wife. Mrs. Wheatley was a benevolent woman. She noticed the girl's quick mind and determined to give her opportunity for its development. Twelve years later Phyllis published a volume of poems. The book was brought out in London, where Phyllis for several months an object of great curiosity and attention.

"Phyllis Wheatley has never been given her rightful place in

American literature. By some sort of conspiracy she is kept out of most of the books, especially the text-books on literature used in the schools. Of course, she is not a great American poet—and in her day there were no great American poets—but she is an important American poet. Her importance, if for no other reason, rests on the fact that, save one, she is the first in order of time of all the women poets of America. And she is among the first of all American poets to issue a volume. . . .

"Anne Bradstreet preceded Phyllis Wheatley by a little over twenty years. She published her volume of poems "The Tenth Muse," in 1750. Let us strike a comparison between the two. Anne Bradstreet was a wealthy, cultivated Puritan girl, the daughter of Thomas Dudley, Governor of the Bay Colony. Phyllis, as we know, was a Negro slave girl born in Africa. Let us take them both at their best in the same vein. The following stanza is from Anne's poem entitled 'Contemplation':

'While musing thus with contemplation fed,
And thousand fancies buzzing in my brain,
The sweet tongued Philomel perch'd o'er my head,
And chanted forth a most melodious strain,
Which rapt me so with wonder and delight,
I judged my hearing better than my sight,
And wisht my wings with her awhile to take my flight.'

"And the following is from Phyllis' poem entitled 'Imagination':

'Imagination! who can sing thy force?
Or who describe the swiftness of thy course?
Soaring through air to find the bright abode,
The empyreal palace of the thundering God,
We on thy pinions can surpass the wind,
And leave the rolling universe behind,
From star to star the mental optics rove,
Measure the skies, and range the realms above,
There is one view we grasp the mighty whole,
Or with new worlds amaze the unbounded soul.'

"We do not think the black woman suffers much by comparison with the white."

The above paragraphs are taken from "The Book of American Negro Poetry." We have reproduced them without permission of the publishers. We give this extract because we think it gives some interesting and little known information and because we intend to resume our talks about books with special reference to those relating to the Negro. These paragraphs will serve as a sort of introduction.

Negro Musician As-sails Use of Spirituals in Dance Tunes

Ohio State Pioneer
H. T. BURLEIGH URGES CO-OPERATION OF RACE IN PRESERVING MUSICAL TREASURE

H. T. Burleigh, the eminent Negro musician and composer has written a letter to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People in which he urges the co-operation of colored and white people in preserving from debasement in jazz the musical treasure of the Negro Spirituals. Mr. Burleigh's letter, as made public by the Advancement Association today at 70 Fifth Avenue, New York, says in part: The growing tendency of some of our musicians to utilize the melodies of our spirituals for fox trots, dance numbers and semi-sentimental songs is, I feel, a serious menace to the artistic standing and development of the race. *11-25-22*

These melodies are our prized possession. They were created for a definite purpose and are designed to demonstrate and perpetuate the deepest aesthetic endowment of the race. They are the only legacy of slavery days that we can be proud of;—our one, priceless contribution to the vast musical product of the United States.

In them we have a mine of musical wealth that is everlasting. Into their making was poured the aspiration of a race in bondage, whose religion—intensely felt—was their whole hope and comfort, and the only vehicle through which their inner spirits soured free.

"They rank with the great folk-music of the world and are among the loveliest of chanted prayers."

Now, since this body of folk-song expresses the soul of a race, it is a holy thing. To use it and not artificialize or cheapen it calls for reverence and true devotion to its spiritual significance. Yet these delinquent musicians contemptuously disregard these traditions for personal, commercial gain.

The Negro in Music

(From the New Orleans Times-Picayune.)
The Boston Public Library has been holding an exhibition of the art work of American negroes, not only of the graphic arts but also of music, a field in which the African race has won popular as well as critical recognition. The interest in such a collection of musical and biographical material at the present time does not focus upon such men as Burleigh and Coleridge Taylor, negroes whose compositions are well able to hold prominence without reference to the race of their authors, but upon other and older composers who worked under a

greater disadvantage. In that elder group stands prominently and almost alone of his people as a composer of piano music in the early Nineteenth century Basile Barres, a Louisiana negro who received a musical education in Paris. Barres' work had a considerable vogue in its day and showed a strong racial character that was much appreciated by the French critics. . . . Another negro musician from our section of the country represented at the Boston Library exhibition—this one not a composer but an executant—is Edmunde Dede, a violinist of parts who together with a Cuban "man of color," Brindis de Sala, was merely the best among a number of negroes who advanced past banjo and guitar to the most difficult and artistic of stringed instruments. From other parts of the South came George Melburn, author of "Listen to the Mocking Bird," and James Bland, whose "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny" is equally classic of the South's negro melodies. Perhaps the most observed document in the Boston exhibition is a facsimile—unfortunately America does not possess the original—of a letter written by Beethoven to George Augustus Polgreen Bridgetower, a mulatto violinist for whom Beethoven composed the Kreutzer Sonata. Bridgetower was one of the most talented performers of his day and was so recognized throughout Europe.

MR. JAMES DURDEN RETURNS TO STATES

Mr. Jas. W. Durden, the eldest son of Mrs. and Rev. William Durden, is again in the States and will spend a few days with parents and friends. He will then go to Cuba to cancel a musical engagement that has already been arranged. 12-9-22

Mr. Durden has resided in Stockholm for the last two years where he headed a band of famous musicians in the midst of which he played the star role. During his stay abroad he has seen much of Continental Europe and visited many of the most famous cities. Engaging in the class of work he has chosen, has brought him in contact with peoples of many nationalities. This gave him the opportunity of studying the habits and customs of these peoples—their manners and methods, and to compare them to American ideas and ideals.

It is hoped that his short stay at home will be fraught with much pleasure. Aside from his relatives his friends will conspire to make his stay here, at least, bearable.

10/25/22 African Folk-Lore 10/25/22
Anthologie Nègre. By Blaise Cendrars. Paris: La Sirène.
Volksmärchen der Kabylen. By Leo Frobenius. Jena: Eugen Diederichs. 2 vols. The Nation

INTEREST in African art and literature was steadily increasing among European scientists, artists, and intellectuals before the war. Collections of sculptures from Benin, in London, Brussels, and Berlin had created much sensation and awakened much curiosity regarding this primitive train of thought and emotion. Here are two books devoted to African folk-lore which have unusual range and interest.

Around African campfires, in the cool of the evening, dusky figures have told European travelers these stories of love and jealousy, of the dread of the stepmother, of petty larceny. The subjects are much the same as in all folk-lore throughout the world. The Kabyles, according to Frobenius, are the remnants of the Berbers, who have been absorbed by the Arabs. They dwell north of the Sahara, and seem to have been worshipers of Jupiter Ammon, for at Djebel Bes-Seba this explorer found rock carvings representing this ram-headed solar god. The cosmology of these peoples holds that the world rests on the horns of a gigantic bull. The world would break down if he should move.

They believe that seven grades build up the earth. They are flat disks. Above are seven skies. Man lives on the fifth plane. The earth is interposed between it and the skies. All small animals live on the lowest grade, and have sprung from the egg of an ant. A mighty tree is placed on this earth, and if this tree should fall the small animals would gain access to the earth of man and all mankind would be destroyed.

A Fam narration from Cendrars's book says that God made man, in the image of a lizard, out of clay. He put him into a pond of sea water. There he left him for seven days. When man emerged he said "Thanks" to his creator. Another tale runs: In the beginning, when there was nothing, neither man, nor plants, nor skies, nor anything at all, God was called Nzamé. The Trinity of God's was called Nzamé, Mebère, and Nkwa. In the beginning Nzamé created the skies and the earth, and reserved the skies for himself. His breath created the waters, the sun and moon and stars, the animals and plants. He showed them to Mebère and Nkwa, and asked them whether they thought that anything was missing, and they said: "We see the animals, but not their master." Then they set the elephant, the tiger, and the ape as masters over the animals.

Nzamé, however, wanted to do better, and the Three Gods created a being almost like themselves, and gave it command over all things. They called this being Fam, that is, strength. Fam was proud of his beauty, strength, and might, and he taunted his creator, singing: "God on high, Fam here on earth; God is God, but man is man. Everyone in his place." God heard him, and asked, "Who is this singing?" Fam called, "Come and see, find me." God was angry, and called the thunder, and burned everything, animals and forests and manioc. As he had promised man that he would not die, as he had made him in his image, he burned Fam, the first man. But God regretted the appearance of the earth, and created another man and a woman, mortal this time, who looked like Fam, but they had their heads turned in another direction. They had bodies and a shadow. Fam was confined beneath the earth, and bothers mankind.

Cendrars gives some Houssa proverbs, for instance: "Lies will yield flowers but no fruit," "A sincere person must buy a

horse so he may fly after he has spoken the truth," "A patient man will boil a stone till he can drink the broth," "You believe drought is coming, but God sends rain," "Whoever speaks of the weather, will be a liar." A Mossi proverb is: "He who does not endeavor to find wherewith to live will die without a disease." Engouda proverbs are: "There is no remedy for old age," "He who marries a belle marries worry," "The indiscreet will hold his tongue about nothing, except what he does not know."

Frobenius tells a story which he was told by his black friends about the partridge. The partridge acquired its beauty by rolling about in the woods. Its feathers took on a pretty pattern. The bird picked at a rock till it got a beautiful red beak. It looked up to the skies, and its eyes became blue as azure. When it met the jackal, that animal wanted to know what the bird had done to become so beautiful, and she told him. The beast did as the partridge had said, but when it rolled on the ground its hair came out; when it rubbed its nose against the rock its teeth broke off, and when it looked up to the skies it became blind.

BEATRICE BICKEL

MACON GA TELEGRAPH

DECEMBER 21, 1922

MUSIC AND THE NEGRO

The community singing to be held on the public square at Fort Valley on Christmas Eve afternoon, in which the colored people will do the singing, led by Professor Hunt, head of the Negro industrial school located at Fort Valley, will be an occasion of real significance and interest, and will set an example for other communities to follow. This will not, however, be the first performance of its kind, for one has been held at Columbus.

The Negro as a race is in the poetic stage of his development. He is a natural musician and orator; and it behooves the white people of the South to encourage him to cultivate his best. On such occasions as the Fort Valley singing, the needed opportunity is presented for the two races to get together and show each other their best qualities.

It was because the colored people during slavery had the right kind of contacts with the white race and with others that they did so well. They were taught the Bible and the other fine things of life. Now the inter-racial contacts come about more by chance than by conscious direction. And, as President Moton said while in Macon, the tendency is to emphasize the instances of crime and wrong in race contacts, rather than to lay stress on the thousands of instances of helpfulness and appreciation. The Telegraph has just received a communication from an appreciative member of the Negro race which serves as an excellent example of what can be and what should be the relations of race with race.

As the colored man has the musical gift, let it be developed in terms of his own genius. In view of the need and desire for such a development, the Fort Valley community singing by the Negroes, and all other

events like it, should prove especially fortunate not only in working out fine race relationships but in encouraging and making something out of the particular genius that is the valuable heritage of the colored race.

Music - 1922

Chicago University of Music

Secures Schuman-Heink Home

Chicago Defender 2/11/22



The Chicago University of Music has secured the magnificent mansion of Mme. Schuman-Heink, corner 37th and Michigan boulevard, for its permanent home. This will give Chicago the largest and best conservatory wholly managed and conducted by artists of our own group in the country. The building is admirably located and will house, besides a number of well appointed studios, practice rooms, large recital and reception halls, offices and a cozy tea room.

Pauline James Lee, who heads the faculty and is the prime mover in this musical enterprise, has gathered the teaching faculty from all sections of the country, with the sole purpose of giving the students the best to be had in the particular study in which they are interested. The roster discloses such names of eminent artists and instructors as Clarence

Cameron White of Boston, Florence Cole Talbert of Detroit, N. Clark Smith of Kansas City, Cornelia Hampton, Bessie Hicks, Goldie Guy, Della Davis, Julia Johnson, George Garner, Harrison Emanuel, Julia Mae Cameron, Mary E. Jones, Hugh Bucannon, Mildred Bryant-Jones, James Lillard, Leola Lillard, Camille Jones, Pauline Garner, DeWitt Smith, Leon Smith, Virna Harmon Walker, Fredella Pearson, Alberta Jones.

The opening of the Chicago University of Music marks a new epoch in the musical progress of our group. And to the public-spirited, broad-minded, liberal men and women who backed Miss Lee morally and financially in this enterprise, too much credit cannot be given. Especially is this true of Mrs. Julia Johnson, instructor in psychology and president and founder of the Colored Working Girls' home, Attorney M. E. Wolphson, Prof. N. Clark Smith and others. Registration for courses may be

made at any time by addressing Miss Pauline J. Lee, 3672 Michigan avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Major Loving To Remain In Philippines Another Year

New York Age

In this column on October 22, 1921, there was printed a story telling of the tribute paid a Negro musician, Major Walter H. Loving, director of the Philippine Constabulary Band at Manila, P. I., by Eleanor Franklin Egan, a famous correspondent, in an article appearing in the "Saturday Evening Post." I am now in receipt of a copy of "The Manila Times,"—"the pioneer American Daily of the Far East,"—which tells of another distinguished compliment which has been paid to this fine young American Negro stationed in the far off islands of the sea.

Major Loving's contract with the government as director of the Constabulary Band expired on December 31st, 1921. It will be remembered that this officer was on the retired list of the United States army; that he was called to service during the World War, returning to his retired status when the Armistice was signed. Then, to bring the famous Philippine musical organization back to the plane of greatness reached under Major Loving, its organizer, in the days of its youth, the government called upon him to accept a call to duty and gave him a year's contract, asking him to rehabilitate the organization which had deteriorated so greatly under his successors.

There are eighty men in the band, all of them Filipinos save the leader, and it occupies a unique and honorable place among the great military musical organizations of the world. And now the Philippine government, through its governor, Major General Leonard Wood, formerly of the United States Army, and one of the most distinguished figures in American life, has decided that it cannot dispense with Major Loving after only one year's service.

According to "The Manila Times," instructions were received in Baguio at the executive building ordering that Major Loving's contract as director of the Constabulary Band be renewed for another year. It was declared that his services are still needed by the Constabulary and there is no man available at the present time to succeed him and keep up the standard of the world-famous musical aggregation.

A letter from Major Loving to THE AGE, dated at Manila on January 4th, indicates that he will accept the call to additional service and remain in the Philippines for at least another year.

ST. LOUISAN'S SONGS TO BE PUBLISHED BY DAMROSCH

Kalla Express 9/30/22

St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 21.—J. Gerald Tyler, director of music at Sumner High School returned a few days ago from New York, where he submitted to Walter Damrosch, conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra, a collection of his work for inclusion in a book of children's songs which is being compiled under the direction of the New York leader.

Several of these songs have been accepted, one in particular having impressed Damrosch when Tyler played and sang for him. This is entitled "Christmas Bells" and is a musical setting of Longfellow's poem of that name. When Damrosch heard it, he turned to the men who are collaborating with him in the publication of the book and said, "We will accept this song without alteration."

Another of Tyler's songs which will be in the book is "Song of the Sea." Tyler thus far has done nothing in the way of Negro folk music.

"Music in the characteristic Negro idiom appeals to me," he said, "but as I was not born in the South, I am not so familiar with it as I might be. For a time, there was a great demand from publishers for music of this type, and I was asked to contribute, but as I did not have the inspiration, I could not bring myself to grind out songs in the Negro idiom merely as a commercial proposition."

Tyler has developed a type of kindergarten music that is based both on songs and dance. One of these songs is "Little Bo Peep," sung to a quick melody. This is followed by a short, lively dance measure, and then the theme of the song returns. Another song of similar type is "I Had a Little Pony." A children's song of a more serious vein is his setting of "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star." A group of these songs is now being published by an eastern house.

"Magnificent" in E-Minor. Of music of the heavier type, he has written a "Magnificat" in E-minor, which has been published and now is used by some choirs, and he also has written a cantata, "Tubal Cain," for baritone voice and chorus.

Tyler was born in Columbus, Ohio, forty years ago, and was the first of his race to graduate from Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio. For his graduating theme he wrote a piano sonata in E-minor which has never been published. After leaving Oberlin, he studied voice under Herbert Witherspoon in New York and piano under Prof. Ernest R. Kroeger of St. Louis. For ten years he has been teaching music in the St. Louis schools.

JAMES W. JOHNSON VERSUS JOHN E. BRUCE ON AMERICAN NEGRO MUSIC

New York Negro World
4/8/22

Critic of New York Tribune Refutes Points of Historical Fact in Mr. Johnson's "Book of American Negro Poetry"—Quotes From Lecture Delivered Six Years Ago by President of Negro Historical Society to Substantiate Position on "Spiritual" Controversy

By H. E. KREHBIEL

In timely conjunction with a concert of music composed and performed by American Negroes which is to be given in Carnegie Hall tomorrow evening there has just appeared from the press of Harcourt, Brace & Co., an anthology entitled, "The Book of American Negro Poetry." Its editor is James Weldon Johnson, who not only contributes a number of poems, but prefaces the collection with an essay on the Negro's creative genius. Mr. Johnson calls the people of whom he writes "Aframericans." We have repeatedly spoken of them in this journal and also in a book on the subject of the folksong of the one-time black slaves of this country as Afro-Americans, but have no disposition to quarrel with Mr. Johnson touching the relative propriety or accuracy of the terms, for such discussion is not within our province. What concerns us just now is some of the comment in the book on the music of the American Negroes—music like that which we fancy will be heard at the concert tomorrow evening.

In this comment there is much discussion of the vulgar music which has taken possession of the vaudeville stage and the dance halls and a strenuous effort made to prove that it originated with black musicians. We should prefer to continue to think that it is a degraded form of music whose essential elements, especially its rhythms, were of African origin. So eager is Mr. Johnson to claim most of it as the product of his people that he does not hesitate to admit that the first examples of it came from houses whose character is not a fit subject for description, but where the musicians were Negroes. He does scant justice to the "spirituals" of the black slaves of the South in which the unperturbed

elements, rhythmical and intervallic, may be found and the artistically effective use of those elements in the minstrel songs of the Stephen C. Foster period, which antedated what are now called "rag-time" songs by at least a generation. All this for the purpose of crediting the Negro of today with the composition of the first telling. We give it in Mr. Bruce's words:

The Author of "Listen to the Mocking Bird"

"The story of 'Listen to the Mocking Bird' is interesting. A little over fifty years ago there lived in the city of Philadelphia a Negro street minstrel, one George Milburn, who was an expert whistler and performer on the guitar. Some of the airs he whistled had never been transferred to paper by any composer of music. He made his own tunes, and his skill as a warbler and guitarist commanded the admiration of his audiences and compelled liberal tips. 'Listen to the Mocking Bird' was one of these catchy tunes. Septimus Winner, the famous song writer, had heard of this Negro, and one day he appeared in the street where Winner lived and gave one of his open air concerts. Included in his repertoire was 'Listen to the Mocking Bird.' When the concert was over and a collection had been taken, Milburn played another air as a thank offering and was about to go to another 'playing' corner. But Mr. Winner, who had been one of his audience, approached him and invited him to his house, where he complimented him on his clever manipulation of the guitar and as a whistler. He asked Milburn to whistle the 'Mocking Bird,' which he did, and while the Negro was whistling Winner wrote down the notes hastily. Some time after this incident he wrote the words of the song as we know it. This he sold for \$5 to Lee & Walker, of Philadelphia, who were then the leading music publishers. The song was published in ballad form and became immensely popular. It was sung all over the country, whistled on the streets and played by bands, and it is just as popular today

as it was when first introduced. Lee & Walker realized over \$100,000 from its sale. George Milburn received from Septimus Winner twenty copies of the song as his share of the profits. Winner never received anything beyond the original \$5 which he got for his manuscript except the credit of being the author of the song, which, of course, was not true. He wrote the music and the words, but the melody was born in the brain of that Negro, George Milburn."—The New York Tribune

songs of this character which won popularity on the stage. For him "rag-time" began its career at the World's Fair in Chicago and became widely known when Miss May Irwin began to sing "The Bully" in New York. This song, he says, was "a levee song which long had been used by roustabouts along the Mississippi." And he claims that "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" had a similar origin, though, if we are not mistaken, we shook hands with the composer of that song in Schubert's music shop in Union Square when it was at the height of its popularity, and heard from him the story of how he had never been compensated for it.

In this manner he bridges over a long period from the time when "rag-time" music was originated by colored piano players in the questionable resorts of St. Louis, Memphis and other Mississippi river towns to the day when he and his brother, J. Rosamond Johnson, made a song called "Oh, Didn't He Ramble," out of a fugitive Negro tune for the New York stage. We fancy that characteristic Negro song antedated the first period by many years and that much of it came from the minds of white men between it and the second period. Concerning one of the types of vulgar song we are willing to let Mr. Johnson have his say:

The "Memphis Blues" and Music of Its Kind

"The reader might be curious to know if the 'jes grew' songs have ceased to grow. No, they have not; they are growing all the time. The country has

lately been flooded with several varieties of 'The Blues.' These 'Blues,' too, had their origin in Memphis and the towns along the Mississippi. They are a sort of lament of a lover who is feeling 'blue' over the loss of his sweetheart. 'The Blues' of Memphis have been adulterated so much on Broadway that they have lost their pristine hue. But whenever you hear a piece of music which has a strain like this in it (here then is an illustration) you will know that you are listening to something which belonged originally to Beale avenue, Memphis, Tenn. The original 'Memphis Blues,' so far as it can be credited to a composer, must be credited to Mr. W. C. Handy, a colored musician, of Memphis."

A young white musician who hails from the South told us that "The Memphis Blues" came from a bawdy house in that city, and we think he told the truth. It is a matter of indifference to us. But we regret that in a book which proves that there has been a really beautiful flowering of the poetic spirit among educated Negroes in America Mr. Johnson should feel called upon to break a lance in favor of the vulgar type of music, all but ignore the beautiful "spirituals" and by omission of all reference to the matter confess his ignorance of what Negro composers wrote and published in America long before his excellent brother, J. Rosamond Johnson, and the equally excellent Burleigh Cook and Dett, to say nothing of Mr. Europe, were born.

Negro Composers of the Past

Some six years ago Mr. John E. Bruce, president of the Negro Historical Society of this city, delivered an address before the Music School Settlement for Colored People in which the history of Afro-American musicians was traced back for more than a century. He told of James Hemmenway, of Philadelphia, whose song, "That Rest So Sweet, Like Bliss Above," was published in the musical journal, "Atkinson's Casket," in October, 1829, and who composed "The Philadelphia Grand Entree March," "Washington Grays' Grand March," "Bugle Quick Step" and "Hunter and Hop" waltzes. He also related the story of Frank Johnson, of Philadelphia, who took his band to England, played before royalty and nobility and received the gift of a silver bugle from Queen Victoria which was buried with him in 1846. He was in his day what Sousa is in ours, said Mr. Bruce, and scores of his pieces for military band were published. Other Negro musicians who composed and published voluminously were A. J. R. Connor (1846), Robert Murray, of Baltimore (1800); T. W. Postelwalte, of St. Louis; Isaac Hazard, of Philadel-

phia (who made money enough to publish his own compositions); Andrew Burris and W. H. Davis, also of Philadelphia. Thomas Green Bethune, otherwise "Blind Tom," who lives in our collection, was not only a pianoforte virtuoso but the composer of about one hundred pieces for the pianoforte. Justin Holland wrote and arranged a great deal of music for the guitar, and H. S. Brainard's Sons (to whose journal we contributed some forty-five years ago) published his "Modern Method for the Guitar."

Many more names are mentioned by Mr. Bruce—William Brady, of New York; Jacob Sawyer, John T. Douglas, Lucien and Sidney Lambert, of New Orleans; Edmund Dade, H. T. Williams, F. E. Lewis, W. F. Craig—before he reaches the men of today whom we have mentioned. An interesting story about a song which has not yet lost its popularity deserves

DOUBT DUMAS CREDIT Doubt Dumas Credit ATTEMPT MADE TO DISPUTE HIS AUTHORSHIP OF "3 MUSKETEERS, MONTE CRISTO, ETC." MAQUET CLAIMED REAL AUTHORSHIP

A strange case has just been settled by the courts in Paris. And settled in a strange way. Auguste Maquet, unknown outside of France, has been acknowledged as Dumas' collaborator to the extent that royalties are awarded to his heirs.

August Maquet was a lean, dark-haired Frenchman, with piercing eyes and a drooping black mustache, and with almost as much pride in his literary achievements as Dumas is said to have inherited from his negro grandmother. That this strange, silent man, in some respects like the jackal in Dickens' tale, truly collaborated with the great Dumas is acknowledged. But did he write the greatest tales that have been credited all these years to Dumas?

If you go up to the Public Library and look through the catalogue under Maquet, you will see beside his name and over the title of the book attributed to him the word alleged. In that list of his alleged works is "The Three Musketeers." Because of this allegation Douglas Fairbanks cannot show his film adaption of the story anywhere in France. And more importantly if Maquet is adjudged the author, the copyrights will not run out until 1938 and "The Three Musketeers" and many others will not become public property until that date.

PORTERS TO BE GIVEN LESSONS IN FOLK SONGS

Houston Tex. Post
Associated Press Report.

CHICAGO, April 2. — George S. Pullman porter, who makes up the berth, blacks the shoes, carries the bags, runs errands and performs other services to add to the comfort and convenience of the traveling public, in the future will increase his popularity by being able to furnish music for special cars and trains when desired, according to an announcement by the Pullman company Friday. The company plans to organize its 9000 porters into the Pullman Porters' chorus, with orchestra and band auxiliaries, it was announced, and has employed instructors to train the porters with a view to preserving and developing the negro folk songs and the melodies so distinctive of the negro. The company announced a chorus will be organized in each of its eight zones, and once a year a grand concert has been planned. Major N. Clark Smith, a negro musician, and composer, has been engaged to train the porters to sing.

In the future, the Pullman company announced, when special cars on trains are ordered, the company also will be able to accommodate requests for singing porters to help while away the tedious hours of travel.

First experiments with the singing porters will occur Saturday when three special trains carrying Knights Templar to the conclave at New Orleans over the Illinois Central, will be provided with Pullman crews consisting of tenors, second tenors, baritone and basses, so that each train will have its quartet or octet.

CHICAGO HONORS SCHUMANN-HEINK FAMOUS SINGER

Baltimore Afro-American
4/7/22

Colored Musicians of That City Give Reception For World Famous White Contralto

By Nora Douglas Holt for Associated Negro Press

Chicago, Ill., April 5. — DeKoven Thompson, composer and Pauline James Lee, president and founder of the Chicago University of Music, received in honor of the famous prima donna, contralto, Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Saturday afternoon, March 25, from 3 to 5, in the 21 room mansion at 3672 Michigan Boulevard, formerly the home of Mme. Both of

these young musicians have cause to be grateful to the great contralto for her sincere interest in them.

Some years ago, Mr. Thompson, a budding composer, arranged a musical setting to a poem, "If I Forget," by Alfred Anderson. During her travels, Mme. Schumann-Heink met Mr. Thompson, then a Pullman porter, and became interested in his musical career. Of his many songs she preferred the one mentioned because of the beautiful sentiment, and assured the young man she would use it on her programs and subsequently make a record of it for the Victor Company. It will soon be released.

Concerning this release Miss Alma Satter has written for Mme. Schumann-Heink the following letter to Mr. Thompson:

"It is with the greatest pleasure that I write you that your dream came true?"

"Mme. Schumann-Heink has made a record of your song, 'If I Forget,' and it is splendid. Madame has just returned from the Victor Talking Machine Company in Camden, where she made new records. Among these, yours stands out as one of the best. I know how happy you will be to hear this. Although the waiting has been long, I am sure you will be well repaid, and I, too, am happy for you, and can only say, 'When Dreams Come True.'"

Home Is School
Miss Lee founded her school of music in 1920 and at once began a search for a suitable location. Upon application for rental of the Schumann-Heink residence, she was accepted as a lessee by Madame after sufficient investigation by her attorney, in spite of the protest of the Armours and other exclusive property owners in the district who are said to have offered her \$30,000 for the property.

As Mr. Thompson and I introduced those who came to see and touch the hand of our own Mme. Schumann-Heink (and we do claim kinship for art knows no prejudice), I was amazed at the deep interest she manifested in every individual that passed before her. Presently after scanning each face and growing more enthused, with flashing eye and musical voice, she whispered, "Mrs. Holt, I have seen more pretty faces here this afternoon than I see in a whole year during my tours." Nor did pretty faces alone engage her attention. It seemed I lived a lifetime as I watched her delineate each one. Persons with strong features were rewarded with a firm hand shake. Bland weakened faces were rewarded with a look of pity. Children were kissed, embraced, and always she would lovingly touch their cheeks with her fingers. With others she chatted gaily. A young composer passed. I told her he had written music for the "Follies." "Write something for me," she remarked. He said he had a song now for her. "What is it?" she asked. "Beautiful" is the title," he answered gallantly. "Ah, flatterer," she cooed. "Just the same, send it to me and I will sing it. Everyone

shall know that though Schumann-Heink is 60 her heart is yet young and she can sing a love song." In the receiving line with Mme. Schumann-Heink were: DeKoven Thompson, Pauline Jones Lee, Nora Douglas Holt, Maj. N. Clark Smith, Mrs. Julia Johnson, Madam's attorney, and her son, daughter-in-law and granddaughter.

During the program Miss Lee was introduced and in her address assured Madame that the school and the musicians generally were happy to be domiciled in her home, where her voice had reverberated in joyous song and where the colored youth would endeavor to emulate her devotion to the art of music.

NASHVILLE TENN BANNER MARCH 17, 1922

NEGRO FOLK SONGS ON FISK PROGRAM

Words to "Baby Bunting" by Will Allen Dromgoole of the Banner Staff.

The program for the annual jubilee concert of Fisk University to be given next Tuesday night at Ryman auditorium will be divided into two parts consisting mostly of Negro folk songs. No encores will be accepted, except at the end of each group. More than the usual number of solos are on the program this year. The words to "Baby Bunting," one of the songs of the program this year, were written by Miss Will Allen Dromgoole, author of "Song and Story" in the Banner each week. This song will be rendered by the men's chorus. Tickets for the concert, will be on sale Saturday morning.

The program follows:

- PART I.**
Negro Folk Songs—"Steal Away to Jesus," "Study War No More," Led by Myrtle Wiggins; "Go Down Moses," led by Earline Good; "Build These More Stately Mansions," from "The Chambermaid," Nantilly; Girls' Glee Club (soloist, Minnie Gilbert).
Negro Folk Songs—"Wish It's in Heaven Hittin' Down," led by Kathryn Oliver; "Want to Die Easy," led by Minnie Gilbert; "I'm So Glad Trouble Don't Last Always," led by Myrtle Wiggins.

- PART II.**
Negro Folk Songs—"You Hear the Lambs A-cryin'," led by Horatio O'Bannon; "Do, Lord, Remember Me," led by Aldena Windham; "Baby Bunting," Tubbs.
Men's Chorus: "Turn Back Pharaoh's Army," led by Minnie Gilbert; "Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray," led by Lillian Luckey; "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," led by Myrtle Wiggins.

PORT HURON MICH HERALD MARCH 10, 1922

No. 20

Deep River— Negro Spiritual

Negro music has its place among the folk-music in America. It has a peculiar charm of its own. Of all undeveloped races, the African Negroes are most gifted musically. They have an especial gift in the matter of rhythm, and in a queer haunting use of the minor mode.

Much so-called "Negro music" is mere imitation, or adapted and copied by white composers. The true folk-music exists in its purest form in the "sorrow songs" of the plantations and the "spirituals" of revivals and camp meetings.

Slaves were brought to this country as early as the seventeenth century and with them came the weird chants and incantations used in their native religious rites. Under new conditions these barbaric chants developed somewhat, and in time forsook the praise of their tribal gods to sing of such subjects as death, resurrection, biblical characters, saints, and "Ole Massa De-boll." For the negro used Satan much as the people of medieval Europe used him in magic as a source of amusement as well as terror.

The "spirituals" were always sung under the influence of religious excitement, and the words generally originated in an extemporaneous burst of feeling that had more to do with sound than with sense. They were subjects to constant change and additions and to endless repetitions, but are quaint and often poetic, and sometimes full of real dramatic power. "Deep River" is one of the best examples of the old plantation "spirituals."

French Composer Comes to Rescue Of Jazz Music

Atlanta Constitution
Composer of Madelon Says Jazz Has Put Poetry Into Dancing.

Chicago, March 28.—There seems to be some mistake about the function of jazz music.

American critics of our own brand of syncopation declare it is unspeakable barbarity, without rime or reason.

But M. Lucien Boyer, French composer of hundreds of ditties that Paris has liked, says this criticism is thoughtless, to say the least.

"Jazz," says M. Boyer, who wrote "Madelon de la Victoire," and wears the legion of honor ribbon, "has brought new colors and shading to the palette of the musician. It has brought a delicious melancholy."

"Dancing, which, before jazz originated, expressed gaiety and frivolity, is now a very poetical way of expressing the suffering of the modern soul, tortured by heavy cares, Thanks to the blues for this."

"The couples who dance under the soft lights at night to the strains of the strange music America has given us do not realize that they express better than any painter or poet the sentimental sufferings of the human being, especially those of the eternal feminine."

M. Boyer emphatically denied that the expression of suffering on the faces of modern dancers might be due to having a sore corn tramped on on a crowded floor.

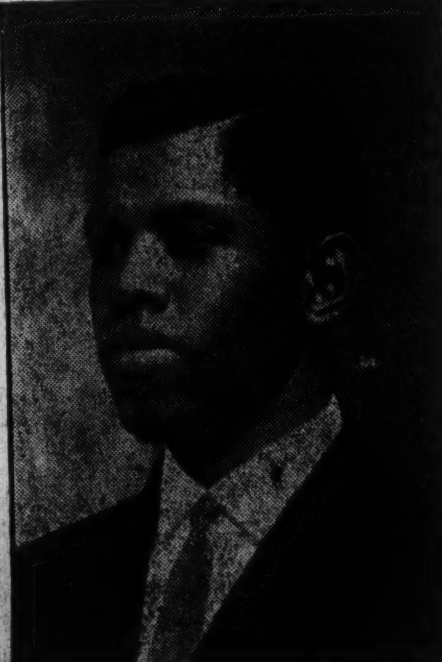
"It is not so," he expostulated. "It is the melancholy, the mysticism of the music."

HAYES STARS IN PARIS

New York Times
GABRIEL PIERNE, JOSEPH SALMON AND MADAM ALEXANDRE DUMAS ENTHUSE OVER BOSTON TENOR.

(Phillip Hale in Boston Herald, April 2, 1922.)

The many friends of Mr. Roland Hayes, the tenor, whose beautiful voice and fine art have been warmly appreciated in London and other cities of Great Britain, will be glad to hear that he has met with similar success in Paris. He has had many engagements for private musicales that have brought him fame, money and social as well as artistic recognition.



ROLAND W. HAYES

Gabriel Pierne, the conductor of the Colonne concerts, was so pleased that he offered him an engagement with the orchestra on April 1st or 8th. Mr. Hayes was unable to accept, because he had promised to sing in England on those days; but he will sing at a Colonne concert next season. Joseph Salmo, the distin-

guished violin-cellist, has taken a great interest in Mr. Hayes, as have leading women in Parisian society. Among the interesting women he met was Mm. Alexandre Dumas, who, after dinner, presented him with a portrait of the great-grandfather of the dramatist.

Gabriel Pierne of Paris wishes Mr. Hayes to sing at a Colonne concert. Is it easy to think of Mr. Hayes, in spite of his voice and his art, invited to sing with any leading orchestra in the United States, the land of the free, where all men are born free and equal?

BLIND BOONE'S CONCERT

Youngstown, Ohio, March 24.—The Blind Boone Concert company have a recital at the Opera house last Friday evening. Mr. Boone skillfully played the prelude in C minor by Rachmaninoff, played previously by the famous Mrs. Marguerite Day, soprano, captivated the audience with the warmth and beauty of her voice. Mrs. Day is also a reader and rendered several delightful monologues. At the close of the program John M. Day, assistant manager, gave a talk on the career of Blind Boone and his accomplishments. The company is touring the East and South, and will close its season about June 15 in Chicago.

MR. ROLAND HAYES' RECITAL.

Mr. Roland Hayes, the African tenor, has completely established himself in musical London. Your judging alone from the six recitals that filled the Wigmore Hall last Wednesday evening, and the manner familiar to concert goers, in which the enthusiasts showed their appreciation of an artist who has won their admiration. What was a new feature in this singer's recital was the string accompaniment to certain of his songs played by the London Chamber Orchestra, under Mr. Antony Bernard. Either because Mr. Hayes was suffering from a cold, which had slightly impaired some of the notes of the middle register, the sureness and timbre of which have on other occasions been a source of joy, or because the orchestra was not attuned to his markedly individual mode of refined phrasing, certain pianissimo phrases were almost inaudible. There was more co-ordination in the English group, when Blow's "Undaunted Love" and Roger Quilter's "It was a Lover" and "Take, oh take those lips away" were so exquisitely sung that the last two had to be repeated, singer, orchestra, and composer sharing the honours of a reception of unrestrained enthusiasm. In his last much-encored group of negro spirituals and a secular folk song from "The Crucifixion" (a melody handed on by a descendant of a Zulu tribe) to the whimsical "Didn't it rain," there was perceptible all the art and wonderful beauty of tone we have learned to associate with the singing of Mr. Roland Hayes, who is called "the negro Caruso."

MR. ROLAND HAYES'S SONG RECITAL.

West Africa #18/22
WIGMORE HALL, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5.

London England

"Che Faro senza Euridice (Orfeo)	Gluck
"Eviva Rosa" (Lo Calamiba de Couri)	Galuppi
"Ariette" (Dardanus)	Rameau
"O Wusst! Ich doch den weg Zuruck"	Brahms
"Ich sah als Knabe Blumen bluh'n"	Brahms
"In der Fremde"	Schumann
"Frühlingsnacht"	Schumann
"Suite for Strings"	Purcell
"Undaunted Love"	Blow
"It was a Lover and His Lass"	Roger Quilter
"Take, O Take Those Lips Away"	Roger Quilter
"The Crucifixion"	
"I Stood on de Ribber ob Jordan" ... Arranged by	
	H. T. Burleigh
"Balm in Gilead"	
"Didn't it Rain?"	Arranged by H. T. Burleigh

On Wednesday evening, Mr. Roland Hayes, fresh from triumphs at Glasgow, and that ruthless, discriminating capital, Paris, achieved yet another *succes fou*. It is hard to think of any words that can do justice to the beauty and wonder and range of his exquisite voice. His programme opened with Gluck's "Orfeo," and in this Mr. Hayes chose a song that gave him full opportunities for exercising both his full, rich high notes and those soft tones of which he is master. In all his singing there is a breath of wistfulness, which lends a quality possessed by no other artist we can call to mind. In Mr. Hayes's rendering of "It was a lover and his lass," he rose to his full heights, and the result was that a staid London audience forgot themselves and their habitual reserve, and shouted "Bravo!" and "Encore!" until the triumph was repeated.

The Wigmore Hall was packed to the doors and every member of the audience was intent on hearing the singer again. In this concert Mr. Hayes was supported by the London Chamber Orchestra, who played with the utmost artistry and restraint, and did not commit the usual orchestral fault of drowning the voice with their efforts. Mr. Lawrence Brown, as great an artist in his own line as Mr. Hayes is in his, accompanied with the velvety touch that is a joy to listen to. At the finish of probably one of the most successful concerts ever given in London, Mr. Hayes recalled several times, and sang three "spirituals." It was with the utmost difficulty that he at length obtained permission to retire.

Mr. Roland Hayes.

West Africa #18/22
London England
I notice in the *Pall Mall Gazette* a readable note on Mr. Roland Hayes, whom it well describes as one of the most interesting men in London at the present time. The *Pall Mall* writer met Mr. Hayes, and tells us, among other interesting facts, that the famous tenor knows 15 operas and an equal number of oratorios. He sings in every European language, and admits a liking for the old Southern melodies of America. My contemporary goes on to say, truly, that it is not only as a singer that Mr. Hayes appeals. "He is one of the torch-bearers of his race, and regards his work as so much missionary effort. All his thoughts are concentrated on the betterment of his people. It is an inspiration to talk to this black idealist." All true and well said, except one detail. Why worry about the colour of Mr. Hayes's skin? It is his idealism that matters, not his colour. If my contemporary were writing of a European idealist, it would not have referred to him as a "white" idealist. Why make a difference in regard to an idealist of descent other than European? What useful point is there in so doing?

BERT WILLIAMS

Billboard 3/11/22

Robert Austin Williams, known to the theatrical profession and the public as Bert Williams, and regarded by many as the greatest comedian on the American stage, died at his home in New York City March 4, a victim of pneumonia. He collapsed on the stage in Detroit Monday, February 27, while appearing in "Under the Bamboo Tree," and was taken to New York on Thursday, when it was found he was suffering from pneumonia. Blood transfusion was ordered, but Williams failed to react.

Bert Williams was born in New Providence, British Bahamas, in 1873, and was taken to New York by his father, a paper mache maker, at the age of two years. Soon afterward the family moved to Riverside, Cal., where young Williams grew up and graduated from the local high school. He studied civil engineering in San Francisco. His first theatrical experience was with a mountebank minstrel company that played the mining and lumber camps in that section. In 1895 he joined George Walker in a partnership that lasted until the latter's death in 1900. They made the name of Williams and Walker famous through the English-speaking world. Their first appearance in New York was in 1896 and 1897, at Tony Pastor's and Koster & Bial's. Later they headed their own company.

Among the productions made famous by this team were "The Policy Players," "Bend Sinister Land" and "Abyssinia." The latter attraction ran ten weeks on Broadway. In those days a record for a colored attraction. In 1902 the company was taken to England, where it duplicated its American success. On June 23 of that year a command appearance was made at Buckingham Palace.

When illness compelled the retirement of George Walker, Williams took out "Mr. Lode of Coal" with indifferent success. This was his last appearance with colored support. After its close he played for a time in vaudeville, and then joined the Regfield "Follies," remaining as the feature attraction for seven years. During 1918-19 he was with "Broadway Brevities," and opened last season in "The Pink Slip," which, after some unfavorable criticism, closed on the road. The piece was rewritten and named "Under the Bamboo Tree," opening in Cincinnati last December, and enjoying a successful run in Chicago later. It was due in New York in three weeks, and it was Williams' great ambition to reach Broadway with this show.

While playing in Edinburgh, Scotland, Williams and other members of his company were made members of the Waverly Lodge of Masons. Williams also was a member of the Actors' Equity Association, and held the rank of Captain in the Eighth Regiment, National Guard of Illinois. He was married in 1900, and is survived by his widow, two nieces and his mother. Two funeral services will be conducted for him, the family service on Tuesday afternoon, March 7, and a ceremony under the auspices of St. Cecile Lodge of Masons.

Notable Exhibition To Be Held in Boston

Maria L. Baldwin Memorial Room to be Installed in Public Library 9/30/22

(Special to The Advocate)

BOSTON, Mass., Sept. 28.—One of the most notable exhibits ever held in this city is to be inaugurated next week in the Public Library of the City of Boston. The League of Women for Community Service, of which body Miss Maria L. Baldwin was the honored head before her death has been working for some time collecting photographs, and literature illustrating individual and organized achievement in literature, art, music, medicine, statesmanship, war, education, social service, theology, science and industry. The country has been organized under the leadership of Mrs. Florida Ruffin Ridley, and women of every state in the union have been collecting interesting bits of exhibits and forwarding them to the headquarters of the League at 558 Massachusetts avenue.

The exhibition will last during the month of October, and will be a splendid attestation of the progress of the Negro before and since emancipation. The purpose is ultimately to establish a

Maria L. Baldwin Memorial Room as a permanent feature of the Boston Public Library, which will be a silent witness of the history of the Negro.

The task which the League of Women for Community Service has undertaken is a splendid one, and one which should be copied by all the large cities of the country—to make the history, and achievements of the Negro a permanent possession of all libraries and historical exhibits. Mrs. W. O. Goodell is president of the League and Mrs. Florida Ruffin Ridley is chairman of the exhibition committee; Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Howard University, is chairman of the general committee, Mrs. Margaret Higginson Barney is chairman of the Committee on Abolition Memorials, Mrs. W. J. Williams, chairman of the executive committee, while the Committee on Negro Achievement is headed by Meta Warrick Fuller, the sculptor, who is assisted by W. S. Brathwaite, the eminent poet and authority on American poetry, and by Clarence Cameron White, the violinist, among others.

James W. Johnson's Comments On American Negro Music

N. Y. C. TRIBUNE
APRIL 2, 1922

Scant Justice Paid to "Spirituals" and Minstrel Songs, but Negro of To-day Claimed as Originator of "rag-time"

By H. E. Krehbiel

In timely conjunction with a concert of music composed and performed by American negroes which is to be given in Carnegie Hall to-morrow evening there has just appeared from the press of Harcourt, Brace & Co. an anthology entitled "The Book of American Negro Poetry." Its editor is James Weldon Johnson, who not only contributes a number of poems but prefaces the collection with an essay on the negro's creative genius. Mr. Johnson calls the people of whom he writes "Aframericans." We have repeatedly spoken of them in this journal and also in a book on the subject of the folksong of the onetime black slaves of this country as Afro-Americans, but have no disposition to quarrel with Mr. Johnson touching the relative propriety or accuracy of the terms. Neither shall we discuss the poems, for such discussion is not within our province. What concerns us just now is some of the comment in the book on the music of the American negroes—music like that which we fancy will be heard at the concert to-morrow evening.

In this comment there is much discussion of the vulgar music which has taken possession of the vaudeville stage and the dance-halls and a strenuous effort made to prove that it originated with black musicians. We should prefer to continue to think that it is a degraded form of music whose essential elements, especially its rhythms, were of African origin. So eager is Mr. Johnson to claim most of it as the product of his people that he does not hesitate to admit that the first examples of it came from houses whose character is not a fit subject for description but where the musicians were negroes. He does scant justice to the "spirituals" of the black slaves of the South in which the unpurged elements, rhythmical and intervallic, may be found and the artistically effective use of those elements in the minstrel songs of the Stephen C. Foster period, which antedated what are now called "rag-time" songs by at least a generation. All this for the purpose of crediting the negro of to-day with the composition of the first songs of

this character which won popularity on the stage. For him "rag-time" began its career at the World's Fair in Chicago and became widely known when Miss May Irwin began to sing "The Bully" in New York. This song, it has been used by roustabouts along the Mississippi. And he claims that "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night" had a similar origin, though, if we are not mistaken, we shook hands with the composer of that song in Schubert's music shop in Union Square when it was at the height of its popularity and heard from him the story of how he had never been compensated for it.

In this manner he bridges over a long period from the time when "Rag-time" music was originated by colored piano players in the questionable resorts of St. Louis, Memphis and other Mississippi River towns to the day when he and his brother, J. Rosamond Johnson, made a song called "Oh, Didn't He Ramble," out of a fugitive negro tune for the New York stage. We fancy that characteristic negro song antedated the first period by many years and that much of it came from the minds of white men between it and the second period. Concerning one of the types of vulgar song we are willing to let Mr. Johnson have his say:

The "Memphis Blues" And Music of Its Kind

"The reader might be curious to know if the 'jes grew' songs have ceased to grow. No, they have not; they are growing all the time. The country has lately been flooded with several varieties of 'The Blues.' These 'Blues,' too, had their origin in Memphis and the towns along the Mississippi. They are a sort of lament of a lover who is feeling 'blue' over the loss of his sweetheart. 'The Blues' of Memphis have been adulterated so much on Broadway that they have lost their pristine hue. But whenever you hear a piece of music which has a strain like this in it (here then is an illustration) you will know that you are listening to something which belonged originally to Beale Avenue, Memphis, Tennessee. The original Memphis Blues, so far as it can be credited to a composer, must be credited to Mr. W. C. Handy, a colored musician, of Memphis."

A young white musician who hails from the South told us that "The

Memphis Blues" came from a bawdy house in that city, and we think he told the truth. It is a matter of indifference to us. But we regret that in a book which proves that there has been a really beautiful flowering of the poetic spirit among educated negroes in America Mr. Johnson should feel called upon to break a lance in favor of the vulgar type of music, all but ignore the beautiful "spirituals" and by omission of all reference to the matter confess his ignorance of what negro composers wrote and published in America long before his excellent brother, J. Rosamond Johnson, and the equally excellent Burleigh Cook and Dett, to say nothing of Mr. Europe, were born.

Negro Composers Of the Past

Some six years ago Mr. John E. Bruce, president of the Negro Historical Society of this city, delivered an address before the Music School Settlement for Colored People in which the history of Afro-American musicians was traced back for more than a century. He told of James Hemmenway of Philadelphia, whose song "That Rest So Sweet, Like Bliss Above," was published in the musical journal "Atkinson's Casket" in October, 1829, and who composed "The Philadelphia Grand Entrée March," "Washington Grays Grand March," "Bugle Quick Step" and "Hunter and Hop" waltzes. He also related the story of Frank Johnson, of Philadelphia, who took his band to England, played before royalty and nobility and received the gift of a silver bugle from Queen Victoria which was buried with him in 1846. He was in his day what Sousa is in ours, said Mr. Bruce, and scores of his pieces for military band were published. Other negro musicians who composed and published voluminously were A. J. R. Connor (1846), Robert Murray, of Baltimore (1800); T. W. Postelwaite, of St. Louis; Isaac Hazard, of Philadelphia (who made money enough to publish his own compositions); Andrew Burris and W. H. Davis, also of Philadelphia. Thomas Green Bethune, otherwise "Blind Tom," who lives in our collection, was not only a pianoforte virtuoso but the composer of about one hundred pieces for the pianoforte. Justin Holland wrote and arranged a great deal of music for the guitar, and H. S. Brainard's Sons (to whose journal we contributed some forty-five years ago) published his "Modern Method for the Guitar."

Many more names are mentioned by Mr. Bruce—William Brady, of New York; Jacob Sawyer, John T. Douglas, Lucien and Sidney Lambert, of New Orleans; Edmund Dade, H. T. Williams, F. E. Lewis, W. F. Craig—before he reaches the men of to-day whom we

have mentioned. An interesting story about a song which has not yet lost its popularity deserves telling. We give it in Mr. Bruce's words:

The Author of "Listen To the Mocking Bird"

"The story of 'Listen to the Mocking Bird' is interesting. A little over fifty years ago there lived in the city of Philadelphia a negro street minstrel, one George Milburn, who was an expert whistler and performer on the guitar. Some of the airs he whistled had never been transferred to paper by any composer of music. He made his own tunes, and his skill as a warbler and guitarist commanded the admiration of his audiences and compelled their tips. 'Listen to the Mocking Bird' was one of these catchy tunes. Sammy Winner, the famous song writer, had heard of this negro, and one day he appeared in the street where Winner lived and gave one of his open air concerts. Included in his repertoire was 'Listen to the Mocking Bird.' When the concert was over and a collection had been taken, Milburn played another air as a thank offering and was about to go to another 'playing corner. But Mr. Winner, who had been one of his audience, approached him and invited him to his house, where he complimented him on his clever manipulation of the guitar and as a whistler. He asked Milburn to whistle the 'Mocking Bird,' which he did, and while the negro was whistling Winner wrote down the notes hastily. Some time after this incident he wrote the words of the song as we know it. This he sold for \$5 to Lee & Walker, of Philadelphia, who were then the leading music publishers. The song was published in ballad form and became immensely popular. It was sung all over the country, whistled on the streets and played by bands, and it is just as popular to-day as it was when first introduced. Lee & Walker realized over \$100,000 from its sale. George Milburn received from Sammus Winner twenty copies of the song as his share of the profits. Winner never received anything beyond the original \$5 which he got for his manuscript except the credit of being the author of the song, which, of course, was not true. He wrote the music and the words, but the melody was born in the brain of that negro George Milburn."

Chaliapin at the Metropolitan Next Season

Go away from home to learn the news! From London we learn that Chaliapin will sing twenty times at the Metropolitan Opera House next season and give forty concerts in the United States. The statement is made without qualification by the musical gossip of "The Daily Telegraph." From the same newspaper we learn that Ernst Bloch was introduced to London recently through the medium of his String Quartet, which was played by a party including Miss Rebecca Clarke, viola, and Miss May Mukle, violoncello, the violinists being men. The "Telegraph's" critic comments as follows:

"It is a work of considerable length—its performance took a whole hour—

which exploits more or less effectively all the resources of the string quartet. Whether this piling of point upon point, of thrill upon thrill, is conducive to satisfaction for the listener is a debatable question. The composer appears to have a distinct leaning for dramatic expression, and there were moments when the music gave the impression that the 'Pathétique' would convey if it were 'retouched' and brought up to date by a determined modernist. Very significantly the slow section, although called 'Pastorale,' brings little relief from the tension of the other movements. Nature and its simple charm have little to say in Mr. Bloch's art. There is no suggestion of a song of thanksgiving or of quiet and profound emotion. But it is possible that a second hearing might modify to some extent these general impressions."

MOST BEAUTIFUL SACRED PAINTING

Masterpiece By Henry O. Tanner Now On Exhibition At City Art Museum. Represents Visit Of Nicodemus To Christ.

Among the 115 canvases in the 17th Annual Exhibition of Paintings by American Artists which is now in view at the City Art Museum, is an excellent example by Henry O. Tanner, the distinguished Negro artist. The painting like most of this artist's work, has a Biblical subject representing the visit of Nicodemus to Christ. Nicodemus is shown seated on a mat at the feet of the Master, as he vainly seeks to understand the latter's puzzling words "Thou must be born again." Though the time is night, the picture is luminous with the blue and silvery tones of moonlight which lend an air of enchantment and mystery to the scene. In the pale but glowing light, the features of the subjects are suggested rather than actually defined, but the attitudes as revealed by the silhouettes express dramatically the spirit of the Bible narrative.

The picture will remain at the Museum until October 25th. Henry O. Tanner, though born at Pittsburgh, Pa., has long been a resident of Paris, France. He was a pupil of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts under Thomas Eakins; and of Laurens and Benjamin Constant in Paris. He was awarded, honorable mention, Paris Salon, 1896; third-class medal, Paris Salon, 1897; Lipscott prize, Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, 1900; Silver Medal, Paris Exposition, 1900; Silver Medal, Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, 1901; Silver Medal, St. Louis Exposition, 1904; Second-class medal, Paris Salon, 1906; Harris Prize, Art Institute of Chicago, 1906. He is a member of

Paris Society of American Painters. St. Louisans Will Be Interested. Henry O. Tanner is the son of Bishop Tanner of the A. M. E. Church and is the brother of Mrs. S. P. Shaffer.

NEGRO MUSIC AND JAZZ

Students of Negro music and members of the race generally who may read it will be interested in the following expression of opinion which appeared a few days ago in the editorial columns of the *Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch*: *Norfolk Virginian* 6/10/22

"Negroes are imitative. They are mimics by nature. They are prone, however, to embellish. Their native music, usually a monotonous sing-song, for all its syncopated rhythm, lends itself admirably to this art. Being mimics, moreover, they have been quick to catch and adapt songs and melodies they have heard.

"Negroes in the South picked up Spanish, French and English melodies and then added their own embellishments. They 'ragged' them, singing them in their barbaric, syncopated rhythm. That is why there are such haunting, familiar refrains in many rag-time songs from negro sources. The imitative negro has simply picked up bits of folk-song, melodies that struck his fickle fancy and adapted them. These rag-time songs, being heard by white men, who did not recognize the original melody in its syncopated form, were again taken over and adapted, sometimes with fearful barbaric effects afterward designated jazz."

We had thought upon splendid authority that it was the late James Reese Europe, Negro, director of the famous Fifteenth New York regiment band, who originated and introduced jazz music in New York. It is an almost undisputed fact that Europe and his band introduced jazz music in London and Paris during the world war. If jazz were evolved from Negro ragtime it appears that a Negro first handed it down to white men to elaborate upon.

As to Negro music There is much historical and scientific controversy over the origination of Negro folk song. There are two classes of intellectual white people. One, entirely sympathetic with the race, and friendly, holds to the theory, based upon so-called scientific knowledge, derived from years of observation of the raw slave and his illiterate descendants, that there is nothing original about the Negro; that he has no initiative. Thus we have Prof. Huger W. Jervey, writing in "The South in the Building of the Nation" (vol. 7, page 393) that "The Negro is a born copyist * * * The stuff out of which his songs are composed was the imported raw material of Scotch, Irish and English songs which came to the South with the early colonists and have disappeared, except in this form." Despite this bold attempt to deny that the race has any inherent genius for music Prof. Jervey says: "The plantation song of the Southern Negro is the only real development of folk-music that America has known. * * * They constitute a rich field of melodic material for future composers," and he goes on to declare that this music was the inspiration of Chadwick in the Scherzo of his Second Symphony; Dvorak's New World Symphony and important compositions by Gottschalk and Schoenfield. This coldly scientific type of our Southern white friends seem to write most of the

books and histories, unfortunately. There is a great deal of truth in the assumption that the Negro is imitative. He could hardly be otherwise in a civilization that is several thousand years ahead of him and in which he was held slave and illiterate for two and a half centuries. But the Negro has also been imitated, much to the edification and delectation of his white friends. No comedian is as funny as a black face comedian, which accounts for so many burnt-cork artists on the American stage. If Bert Williams had not already achieved fame on the stage when Al Jolson appeared he would no doubt have been accused of imitating the white man.

The other class of intellectual white people refuse to close their minds upon the scientific theory that the Negro has no inherent genius; that he has no initiative. And so far as music is concerned the faith of this class is frequently justified, as in the case of young Nathaniel Dett, full blooded Negro, whose original compositions have attracted nation-wide attention; whose anthems are sung in the largest churches in New York, Philadelphia, Cleveland and other cities, and whose productions are turned out by the leading music publishers in America. Then there are Coleridge-Taylor, Will Marian Cook, J. Rosamond Johnson and many others, whose work surpasses the stage of mimicry.

But the most convincing proof that the Negro brought his music from Africa is found in, "Songs and Tales from the Dark Continent," by Natalie Curtis Burlin (G. Schirmer, New York and Boston). After years of painstaking study of Negro music, Mrs. Burlin has recorded a volume of songs, as sung by native Africans, interpreted them into the English language, and of her discoveries she says: "Most primitive music is expressed in rhythm and melody alone, all voices singing in unison or in octaves usually conceived as unison. But the African has evolved polyphony of a rarely interesting type, and from the evidence at hand, it is safe to assume that at a time when Europe was laboriously making crude experiments in polyphonic art, the African had already developed part singing to the elaborate degree found among black native peoples today; while the round or catch, had probably been in use in Africa for hundreds of years. It was this same polyphonic instinct which developed in America into the intuitive gift for extemporized harmony so marked among the Negroes of the United States." The point is, that the Negro's rare gift for music was brought to America in slave ships, and is not a crude absorption of something dropped in America by Spanish, French and English settlers. If America has contributed any original music to civilization it owes that contribution to its citizens that are descendants of Africans.

ROLAND HAYES HAS ANOTHER YEAR ABROAD

Great Tenor Singer Turns
Down Invitations To
Sing In America
This Summer

WILL STAY IN EUROPE

Engagements There To
Last Him Another Year
At Least



Atlantic City,
N. J., June 15—
Roland Hayes,
America's famous
tenor singer,
will not return
home this summer,
but will stay
in Europe with
engagements already
booked far
enough ahead to
last him another
year.

This is the information contained in a letter from the singer addressed to William S. Hawkins, 1912 Hummock avenue, this city. Mr. Hawkins had invited Mr. Hayes to fill an engagement on one of the piers in August.

Mr. Hayes' letter in part says:
Lavoisier Hotel
21, Rue Lavoisier,
Paris, France.
May 5, 1922

"Thanks for your very kind letter which was forward from my London address, which I received here a day or two ago.

"In reply I wish to say that it was my intention to visit the U. S. A. in the summer coming, but now I am sorry to say that my engagements in Europe are of such as to keep me on this side at least another year. I may return to see my relations at Christmas time but there will be no opportunity to fill any professional engagements.

I am glad to know that my people at home still remember and think of me and my work for it is solely to inspire, if possible, the many millions of my fellow boys and girls coming on and whose future depend to a great extent upon the inspiration which our own artists can give them. I feel in no

small way my great obligations to them and although I am not there, I am hoping that the work I do here is reflecting there and to all parts of the world where my people dwell.

(Signed) ROLAND HAYES
In Class By Himself

Mr. Hayes also enclosed in his letter notices from English papers commenting upon his recitals. A critic in the London Times wrote,

"At the end of a recital by Roland Hayes, a curious thing happened. Nobody moved or took his eyes off the platform. They had had the reality before them, and it was gone."

"The exceptional qualities of this artist's voice, which combines the perfections of the great artists of Europe and America with a subtle indefinable something derived undoubtedly from his African origin, the combination placing Mr. Hayes entirely in a class by himself."

Plantation Songs In French

Mr. Hayes also sent a program of a joint recital in which he and Phillip Gaubert, a leading French artist appeared jointly. Mrs. Gaubert served as accompanist at the piano.

To interest his French audience, all of Mr. Hayes songs were in French or Italian, even his plantation melodies like, "I Stood On The River Jordan", "I'm Going To Sing On The Heavenly Choir", "My Soul Is A Witness," were translated into French for the occasion.

Here is a French translation of "Steal Away To Jesus," as sung by Mr. Hayes:

Fuyons, fuyons, fuyons vers Jesus,
Fuyons, fuyons, vers notre patrie
J'ai peu de temps a demeurer ici
Le Seigneur m'appelle, il m'appelle
par le tonnerre
La trompette resonance dans mon
sme
J'ai peu de temps a demeurer ici.

BOYHOOD OF SAMUEL COLERIDGE-TAYLOR

Mother Of Greatest Colored Composer First Marries Colored Physician And Later A

White Man—Love Of Baby "Coaly" Biggest Thing In Her Life

Baltimore Afro-American

From a W. African Trade Journal
By J. M. STUART-YOUNG

Opus 82 of the late Samuel Coleridge-Taylor—the Suite of Ballet Music which covers Hiawatha's Wooing, the Marriage Feast, the Bird Scene, the Conjuror's Dance, etc.—is still a strong European and American favourite. It is a great pity that our bands on the Coast do not show more enterprise. It is high time that they dropped the ubiquitous "Missouri" (sweet and stimulating though Mr. Logan's music may be) and the ridiculous "Wild, Wild Women," in favour of genuine African Music.

Messrs. Hawkes and Sons have just made a new issue of "Hiawatha." They would gladly supply, on the cheapest trade terms, all our West African bands.

Several friends have been asking me for a few details of the life of that brilliant musical genius, Samuel Coleridge-Taylor.

Well, facially, you must imagine a perfectly negroid mouth and chin, and the typically wide nostrils. There was the semi-kinky hair which characterises children born a miscegenetic union. But you will need to add an Aryan nose, wonderfully sympathetic and dreaming brown eyes, and a quietly earnest and somewhat melancholy smile. That was Coleridge-Taylor as I knew him in London a dozen years ago.

His story is full of Romance. A few brief seasons ago (as we mortals count time) there was won't to play in the streets of Croydon a tiny dark-skinned and fuzzy-haired kiddie, along with other grubby little urchins, who possessed perfectly white skins. But little "Coaly" Taylor (as he was named) found these white companions distinctly dull. They would not indulge in long quiet hours of dreaming. He much preferred to be alone, sitting on the edge of the curb, with his little feet in the roadway, and his big brown eyes fixed upon vacancy. He possessed a tiny violin; one of the variety known as a Kit. So he could be seen, in fine weather, holding the treasured fiddle in his left hand, while with the right he played a solitary game of marbles.

The circumstances that surrounded his birth are of a kind with which the West Coast of Africa is familiar. A few years before, a Negro of Sierra Leone had gone to England. He was to study as a doctor, and he certainly did

pass several preliminary examinations. But the winters tried him very severely. Still, he wished ardently to succeed. He mated with a white girl. The two young people settled down to work up some form of a medical practice. However, affairs did not prosper with them.

The young Negro was constantly ailing. He had the average West African's intense nostalgia for the sway of the palms, the deep-blue of the tropical sea, the soothing somnolence of a life spent under an ardent sun. So, when little "Coaly" was born, he took the easiest and the speediest way out. With many promises and earnest protestations that everything would turn out for the best, he deserted his white wife. Leaving his half-caste son behind, he returned to the Coast.

Henceforth Mrs. Taylor was dependent upon the generosity of a farrier, Mr. Holman, and his wife. They lived in Theobald's Road, Holborn. Mrs. Holman took a fancy to the baby-boy. When she and her husband moved from Holborn to Croydon, she coaxed him into allowing the widow (sic) and son to form part of the new household.

Now Taylor had all the Negro's love for both literature and art. It must have been some sort of prophetic instinct which made him name his son Samuel Coleridge, after the great poet who wrote "Rose Aylmer." When little Samuel (or Coaly) first showed musical talent, we may be sure that the violin was the symbol of a mother's lurking affection for the coloured lover, who had "kiss'd and run away." And when at last the little half-caste boy was seen by Mr. Joseph Beckwith, a violin teacher and pianist, of Waddon New Road, Croydon, and when Mr. Beckwith began to patronise him, and to give him a sound foundation in musical technique, we may be equally sure that no one rejoiced as much as that poor mother!

She had married again by this time (one of her own colour), and was settled down to respectability. The little moral lapses indicated by the story already related need not be emphasised in view of her deep affection for the Negro, and her subsequent care of the child of that union. The world owes to that miscegenetic alliance the wonderful music of Samuel Coleridge-Taylor.

So much for the lad's boyhood: a strange admixture of romance and pain! The family was still hopelessly poor. But little "Coaly" had a second talent. He was the possessor of a pure treble voice

with which he could wring the heart-strings of all listeners, and turn their eyes to wells of tears. His school-mates delighted to make him "show off." One day, when "Coaly" was perched on a stool and was singing to his companions, Colonel Waters made a visit to the school. He was immediately intrigued by such unmistakable talent.

Colonel Waters was choir master at the Croydon Presbyterian Church. He took the lad under his wing. In addition to caring for him specially in the choir, he gave him private lessons thus carrying forward the good work of Mr. Beckwith.

At fifteen, Samuel left school. Colonel Waters decided upon the Royal College of Music for his protegee.

He had great faith in the lad's genius, and in the spiritual urge that broke forth in his voice, whenever he sang the old Negro Songs of the Southern States of America. The boy was particularly fond of "Kentucky Home," "Swanee River" and "Poor Old Joe."

Sir Charles Villiers Stanford took immense pains with this new pupil, so strangely different from the usual attendant at the Royal College of Music. Coaly was eager, quick, enthusiastic. Sir Charles was patient, exacting, and thoroughly painstaking.

Literally speaking everything in the lad's life seemed to turn to music. He composed with the facility that the average school-boy will perform a sum in simple arithmetic. Longfellow's "Hiawatha" had been a favorite poetry lesson in the English Class at school. Coaly had memorised a great portion of it. Who can wonder therefore that his first attempt at musical articulation should be made through the medium of that great Epic Poem of the Red Indian race?

"The Wedding Feast" was the first subject that young Coleridge-Taylor chose to interpret. When it was heard at the Royal College of Music, it carried the audience before it. From an unknown musical student, this half-caste Negro had become a composer of proven skill and power. Before long the work had swept through the United Kingdom. Everywhere it was an enormous success, and received acclamation from the most blasé of critics.

Over in America, the success of "Hiawatha" was a perfect cyclone. It revealed a most incongruous artistic melange. Let me explain. Longfellow had gone to Finland

for the basis of his Epic, and the "Kalevala" is the basic texture of his longest work. Longfellow was intimate with several Scandinavians, and he delighted to explore Icelandic, Finnish, Danish, Swedish and Norwegian Myth and Legend. So, into this altogether alien fabric the American poet had woven all the Red Indian Legends that he could collect on American soil. Then along had come a young and earnest Negro, born of an English mother, brought up in purely "classical" style but (despite that British bias toward established musical custom!) with deep West African ancestral memories. Blood is invariably thicker than water. Into his music Samuel Coleridge-Taylor had of necessity to infuse the genuine and authentic West African Folk Song.

The result of all these divergent Saxon negroid, Red Indian—was that wide and mighty stream of music which we know to day as "Hiawatha."

Essentially, to my mind, "Hiawatha" is negroid. That brilliant young half-caste, working away in a dingy suburb of London, had all the barbaric splendour and the wild untamed lust for Colour, Beauty and Rhythm which the most uncultured West African Negro carries in his very blood. One need only sit before the key-board and analyse any part of these fascinating scores. That strange handling of chords; those sudden dissonances that melt unexpectedly into the most perfect of harmonies; those unusually wide intervals; the ending of a phrase on a new kind of suspension—all these are perfectly negroid in form. Nobody, who is familiar with West African "tricks" of melody and the West Coast can listen to a composition by Coleridge-Taylor without exclaiming involuntarily "How perfectly tropical!"

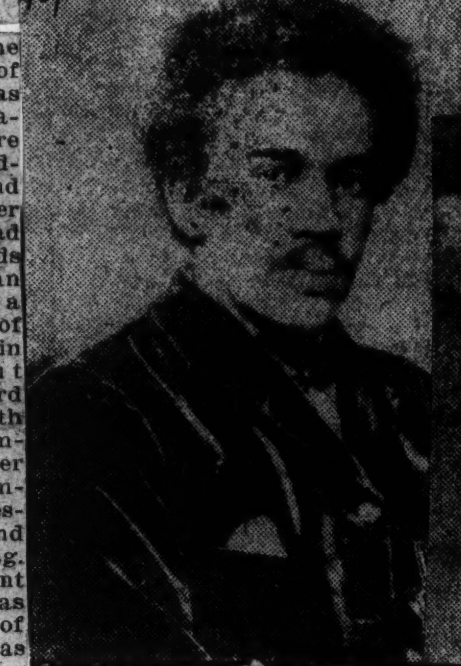
The incomplete downward scales are a favorite feature of Gold Coast melody. Just try the downward run of Doh, Te, Lah, Soh, Fa, Fa; repeated several times, until the rhythm becomes natural, and there you will have one of the simplest and yet most popular Accra Native Dances. These "gapped scales" are used with striking effect by Coleridge-Taylor. He brings it off every time. And his effect is always one of wonderful reserve power.

From the hands and brain of that brilliant young half-caste composer, whose real ancestry can be claimed as negroid, we have received a legacy of perennially fresh and strangely unfamiliar music. It is as old as Time—it is

as new as Eternity. That fascinating mastery over the human emotions spells Genius. After listening to a composition by Coleridge-Taylor every man of human heart feels inclined to say, "Thank God for Music!"

"Coaly," the best spirited, the warmest-hearted man that breathed in his little generation, died on the first of September 1912, at the early age of 34.

Baltimore Afro-American
4/22



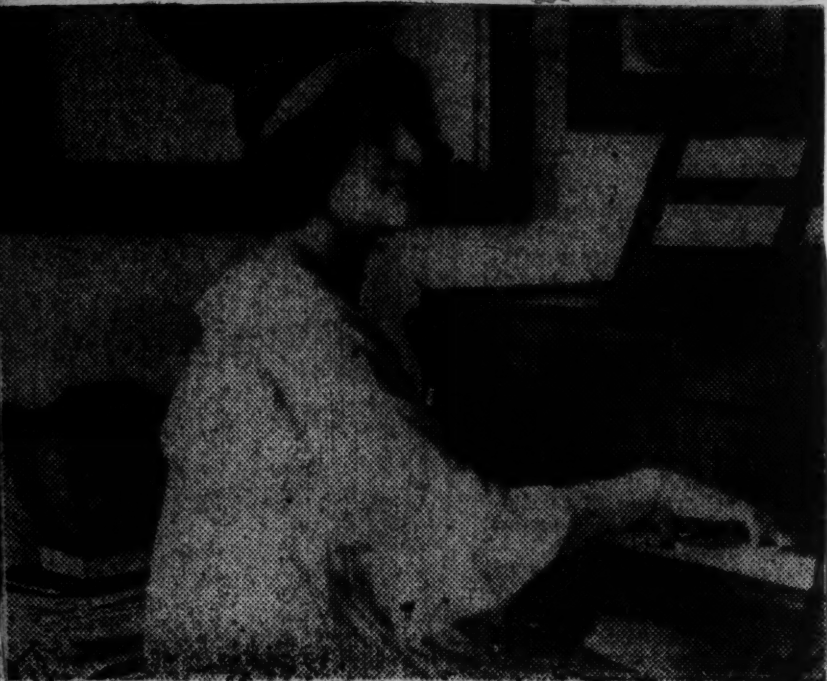
MR. AND MRS. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR

Baltimore Afro-American
4/22



SAM'L COLERIDGE TAYLOR, JR.

Leading an orchestra in Queen's Theatre, London.



1200 Moore No. 410 - American 7/6/22

MISS COLERIDGE TALYOR

Like her father, a pianist of note

Pace Alleges Big Record Producers Would Crush Him

Norfolk Journal & Guide
Enters Damage Suit. Says Unfair Tactics are Resorted To In Effort To Injure Black Swan Records. Norfolk

11/1/22 Virginia
New York: Announcement that the attorneys for the makers of the famous Black Swan Records have in preparation a damage suit against the Columbia Graphophone Company was made here this week. It is alleged that many unfair tactics have been resorted to by various white companies to obstruct the progress of the Pace Company and to curtail the growing popularity of Black Swan Records.

Among the latest campaigns to be inaugurated is a series of advertisements in which it is claimed that certain artists under exclusive contract to the Pace Phonograph Corporation are being claimed by the Columbia among their exclusive artists.

The singer in question is Carroll Clark, who has been with the Pace Phonograph Corporation since its beginning and two of whose records had already been released on Black Swan. Mr. Clark at one time made a record or so for the Columbia but they gave very little notice to him according. In releasing it, instead of

publishing his picture as is usual, they printed a picture of a "Southern Scene," so Mr. Clark states. He became dissatisfied over the matter and was among the earliest applicants to sing for the Black Swan. Due to the publicity given by Mr. Pace to Mr. Clark who had signed an exclusive contract with Mr. Pace, and after thousands of his pictures had been printed and distributed by Black Swan, the Columbia resurrected these old records and are now announcing Clark as an exclusive artist whose singing can be heard only on Columbia Records.

In view of the fact that a new record by Mr. Clark, "Swing Low Sweet Chariot," and "One Sweetly Solemn Thought" was released January 1st on Black Swan Records, Mr. Pace is advised by his attorneys that the campaign of the Columbia is calculated to damage the sale of the Black Swan Record of Mr. Clark and suit for damages is being prepared accordingly.

The attorneys are also investigating the complaint that another white company has bribed certain dealers to damage their Black Swan Records before selling them to customers with a view to making the customer feel that the race product was sent out in that condition and to cause him to cease buying them.

JAZZ PLAYED OUT
Literary Digest 1/14/22
PEACE TO THE SOUL OF JAZZ—"tho it gave little peace to others!" In such words is spoken the threat over the demise of that form of music that came nearest to reviving some of the effects of the jumping maniacs of the Middle Ages. Dead, we are assured, it is, tho some words in commendation were reported to have been spoken recently by no less a musical genius than Dr. Richard Strauss. The New York Herald reports that "the decline and fall of jazz has been going on apace during the present theatrical season, as attested by the success of the non-jazz musical offerings in the New York theater, and the comparatively short runs of the attractions featuring jazz music." The impetus to the new vogue for sane music, particularly sane dance music, is said to have been given in Boston:

"Musicians generally, and particularly leaders of dance orchestras, are of the opinion that the march back to normalcy as regards dance music started in Boston, and with the Leo F. Reisman dance orchestra, which has been engaged to come to New York for the first time in 'Good Morning, Dearie.'

"Two years ago in Boston, Reisman, the leader of the orchestra, was called upon to put together a dance organization for the Brunswick Hotel. Jazz then was at its height, and, aside from clarinets and trombones, the alleged musical instruments of a dance orchestra included such melody makers as cowbells, whistles, sleighbells, cocoanut shells, and even tin pans and wooden rattles.

"Reisman eliminated both clarinets and saxophones, and he informed his trap drummer that he was to play only the drums while to the orchestra in general he issued the instruction that it was to play only the notes indicated by the score, and no interpolated effects would be permitted. Then he set a tempo and a rhythm. The new tempo was somewhat more deliberate than that usually set by a dance orchestra, and the rhythm was rather suggestive of a glide than a hop.

"Soon the hotel began to have a most desirable dance following, and Reisman found himself invited to play for the big social affairs of the big Eastern colleges.

"We do not depend upon our rhythm to create interest," says its leader. "We merely use this rhythm for its psychological effect. We attempt to make our music melodic, so that the foremost suggestion to the dancer is a suggestion of gliding and never of jerky, ungraceful movement. We seek always to give the melody its true importance."

While jazz for dancers is moving off the stage, our reputable composers seem disposed to enshrine it in the halls of real art. The Chicago Symphony Orchestra recently gave a first performance of "Krazy Kat, a Jazz Pantomime," by John Alden Carpenter, a piece destined for early production by the Bohn Ballet. The Program Notes contains this:

"'Krazy Kat' was composed during the months of June, July and August, 1921; it has not yet received stage representation. The orchestra for which it has been scored comprises one flute (interchangeable with a piccolo), one oboe, one clarinet, one tenor saxophone, one bassoon, two horns, two trumpets, one tenor trombone, kettledrums, "traps," harp, piano and strings. Concerning the story of 'Krazy Kat' Mr. Carpenter has kindly supplied the following for this program:

"To all lovers of Mr. Herriman's ingenious and delightful cartoons it must have seemed inevitable that sooner or later 'Krazy Kat and Ignatz Mouse' would be dragged by some composer into music. I have tried to drag them not only into music but on to the stage as well, by means of what I, have called, for obvious reasons, a Jazz Pantomime. . .

"To those who have not mastered Mr. Herriman's psychology it may be explained that 'Krazy Kat' is the world's greatest

optimist—Don Quixote and Parsifal rolled into one. It is therefore possible for him to maintain constantly at white heat a passionate affair with Ignatz Mouse, in which the gender of each remains ever a delightful mystery. Ignatz, on the other hand, condenses in his sexless self all the cardinal vices. If 'Krazy' blows beautiful bubbles, Ignatz shatters them; if he builds castles in Spain, Ignatz is there with the brick. In short, he is meaner than anything, and his complex is cats."

F1 Music, etc

EPHRIAM D. TYLER
OFFICIAL POET, COL. STATE TEACHERS ASSOCIATION

SHREVEPORT

1601 GARDEN STREET

LOUISIANA

ONLY RACE WOMAN IN THE COUNTRY TO CONDUCT MUSIC SHOP

Philadelphia & Wilmington
The Strand Music Shop a
Modern Establishment
3/4/22 Advertiser



MISS LILLIAN E. SHARPE.

The Strand Music Shop, 1514 South street, is the most most modern and up-to-date music store in South Philadelphia. It carries a full line of sheet music, records, player piano rolls, pianographs and pianos. Miss Sharpe, who is a native of Mississippi, has been in Philadelphia nearly three years, and is a member of the Cherry Memorial Baptist Church. She has shown enterprising in taking over the entire building at 1514 South street, renting it out at a modern and well-equipped office building. Miss Sharpe has recently organized a seven-piece orchestra, known as the "Strand Syncopaters." Engagements for orchestra work can be placed at the store. Out of town work is solicited.

Miss Sharpe is the only woman of the race conducting a music store.

FROM "POT WRESTLER" TO POET

Baltimore Afro-American
 Claude McKay's New Volume Stamps Him
 Immediately As The Foremost Poet Of
 Color In America

Paul Laurence Dunbar achieved fame as a poet, writing his verse while running an elevator in the Old Callahan Building in Dayton, Ohio. Between rings of passengers he scribbled his verses, and received noted visitors.

Charles Gilpin, who rose to the foremost rank as an actor by his work as a star in the "Emperor Jones" was at one time Pullman porter.

Claude McKay, whose new volume of poems, "Harlem Shadows" has just been issued by Harcourt Brace and Howe, publishers in New York, came to this country in 1912 from Jamaica, to attend college. He entered one of the smaller Southern schools, and growing tired of the military discipline, transferred to a Kansas college to study agriculture.

Max Eastman, white, editor of the Liberator, a radical white monthly magazine in the preface remarks "that McKay left the school in 1914, giving up the idea of ever becoming a farmer and with the full knowledge that he was a poet. He went to New York, and held a number of jobs from "pots wrestling" to dining car waiter. Like all true poets, he failed to take the job of making a living seriously. It was a matter of collecting enough money from each new job to quit for a while and live. And with each period of living, a new and more sure and beautiful song would come out of him."

Recently Mr. McKay was appointed to the editorial staff of the "Liberator", and his poems and articles appear regularly in this journal, as well as in other magazines both in this country and abroad. With this volume Mr. McKay official "arrives" as a poet. Heywood Brown in the New York World stamps his work as "beautiful". Here is the poem which gave the book its name.

HARLEM SHADOWS

I hear the halting footsteps of a lass
 In Negro Harlem when the night lets fall
 Its veil. I see the shapes of girls who pass
 To bend and hunker at desire's call.
 Ah, little dark girls who in slippered feet
 So prowling through the night from street
 To street!

Through the long night until the silver break
 Of day the little gray feet know no rest:
 Through the lone night until the last snow-
 flake

Has dropped from heaven upon the earth's
 white breast.

The dusky, half-clad girls of tired feet
 Are trudging, thinly shod, from street to

Ah, stern harsh world, that in the wretched
 way
 Of poverty, dishonor and disgrace,
 Has pushed the timid little feet of clay.
 The sacred brown feet of my fallen race,
 Ah, heart of me, the weary, weary feet
 In Harlem wandering from street to street.

but I am concerned with the most important, and fundamental. And my controversy is not with the white people but with the black people. If the black people really desire an educated and absolutely efficient colored man as a member of the School Board they can get him. If such a person is one of those who make up the School Board, and has his seat around the "pie-counter," he will, unquestionably, get his share. The thing that you are fighting for will come, and more, through such an agency.

The black people have stronger grounds in asking for representation on the Board than they have for asking for an assistant superintendent. The very fact that the charter provides for one set of common schools, for all races, and, as a matter of policy only "separate schools" are given us, would seem to imply as plainly as anything in the world, that there should be Negro representation on that Board as a pledge that, despite the conditions which seem to render necessary such a policy, under the charter calling for only one system, the "separate, arrangement" is genuinely equal in all respects.

I contend with all the might within me that it is up to the black people themselves, all of whom, men and women, have votes, to enforce the contention of racial representation on the Board, or, the obliteration of the "separate" system, unknown to the organic law.

Or redress is with the courts. They exist for the purpose of interpreting the laws. Until, then, we have got the brain, and the resources, to force a judicial interpretation of disputed rights, we must content ourselves with what is handed over to us. It is not for the white man to contest an arrangement which is pleasing to him. But, I thoroughly believe that when the white man is thoroughly convinced that we not only know our rights in the matter but are minded to push the matter to a successful issue, that he will then yield. And there is scarcely anything else that will induce him to act to the contrary.

GEORGE F. BRAGG, Jr.

LIGHT OF ETHIOPIA

Light of Ethiopia's ancient kingdom
 Secrets of the past,
 By the errors newly unearthed,
 Known to us at last.

Fast by these our knowledge strength-
 ens,
 Wisdom we may gain
 For our future generations
 Ethiopia claims.

Claim we now our ancient prestige
 From us rudely wrung,
 And our claim the world shall honor
 To Ethiopia's crown.

Inspiration of the sages,
 Masters of the past,
 Guide us now thy scattered children
 Home to thee at last.

We would follow in the footsteps
 Strewn throughout the main,
 Where once our forefathers played,
 Africa's great domain.

God of all! our cause defendest,
 Life and liberty,
 From the feel of sore oppression
 Thou canst set us free.

Let the tyrants be confounded,
 And their plans frustrate,
 Thou the God of all that's righteous
 Answer us we pray.

Sorely scattered are our millions,
 And dissension reigns,
 For the tyrants ways are cunning,
 And his pride is vain.

Africa, thy sons and daughters
 Are now wide awake,
 God! the tyrants wary practice
 Help us to evade.

Many are our traitorous numbers,
 Tempted with foul gold,
 Even like the selfish Judas,
 Who betrayed his Lord.

Let Ethiopia's Miriam sing O God,
 As Israel's did of old,
 When pursued by Pharaoh's army,
 Thou did'st destroy them whole.

Then on sunny Africa's mountains
 Our standard we will raise
 And to God our great Jehovah
 Sing triumphant praise.

'Tis there we yearn, O God our maker,
 Our destinies to work out
 And our thoughts expressed unham-
 pered,
 And reason without doubt.

Light of Ethiopia's ancient kingdom
 Glories of the past,
 Ransomed by thy scattered children,

God help us hold them fast.
 MILTON IRVIN TROTMAN,
 235 Laura St.
 Winnipeg, Man. Canada

LET US FROM PENAL SERVITUDE ARISE

Let us from penal servitude arise,
 The break oppressions' stern,
 For God has surely heard His people's
 cries.

And we as slaves no longer shall re-
 main.
 But first we must shake off our bonds
 of sin,

And unto us all else will then be
 given:
 So let us now be purged without and
 in,
 And show ourselves as men till called
 to heaven!

There's but one way to win the verdict
 here,
 That is, our tasks must all be started
 right;
 Let us resolve no one but God to fear,
 For faith and prayer will break the
 sway of might.

'Tis not by war that men make sweet
 accord,
 "But only by My spirit," saith the
 Lord.
 JOSEPH HAZEL DONALDSON,
 Monrovia, Liberia, W. C. A.
 Dec. 10, 1921.

BUCK UP!

By JASPER BROWN
 Buck up when you're discouraged,
 Buck up when things go wrong,
 Care doesn't last for long,
 When, though disaster taunts you,
 And hope seems lost in doubt
 Buck up and face your problem
 You still can work it out.

Buck up and fight still harder,
 Tomorrow waits for you,
 Until the game is ended
 There's something you can do,
 And even after failure
 If but your faith be stout,
 And you remain undaunted,
 You still can work it out.

Buck up when you are tiring
 Your foes are tiring, too;
 Buck up, the fight's not hopeless
 Until they have conquered you.
 Buck up though bruised and battered,
 Still battle tooth and nail
 Though flesh and muscle falter
 Don't let your spirit fail.

Buck up, the will within you
 Unconquered must remain;
 For man must face his duty
 In spite of grief or pain,
 There still is time to conquer,
 However dark the view,
 Unless you let misfortune
 Steal your spirit too.
 'Til every eye may see its light
 And mystics come from near and far,
 Shine on O star of Bethlehem!
 Light up the Red, the Black, the
 Green!
 Send down thy purest radiance
 To flood the realm of Southern
 Queen.

Where chain has never bound the hand,
 Next Christmas day may many slaves
 Behold the Star of Bethlehem
 Light native homes beyond the
 waves.
 Where snowflakes never fall to chill
 The captive's hand. Next Christmas
 day,

May Jesus come to those who weep—
 For He will pass by Ephraim's way.
 A Christmas there in Africa
 Where Solomon wed Sheba fair,
 Where Menelik's kin wait for you,
 O captive, is my Christmas prayer.
 ETHEL TREW DUNLAP,
 1350 W. 4th St., Ritz Apts.
 Los Angeles, Calif.

SOME DAY
 By J. G. Negro World
 Some day from this earth
 I must pass away
 And leave behind me
 All that I love best:
 The fairer scenes
 Or maybe happier clime
 A fair abode called
 Paradise, or "Rest".

Then I shall shift
 This earthly mortal coil,
 A change from earth
 To far off unknown shores;
 No more shall I resume
 My daily task,
 Work here must cease
 And end laborious chores.

Then I shall lay me
 Once for aye to sleep
 That slumber from which
 Angels will me wake;
 When trumpets at that
 Awful day shall sound
 And glories far beyond
 I will partake.

Angels on golden wings
 Will bear me home—
 To join with songs
 The "liberated throng,"
 For here I wander
 Oftimes sad and lone
 It seems so long.

And so I wonder
Who will stop to shed
A tear drop o'er the
Grave wherein I sleep?
Far be it, care I not
What matters now
If friends o'er me
Should fall to weep.

Only as we are known
We shall be
At that day,
Standing before that throne
In matchless white;
Only the pure in heart
Can stand alone
And welcome such a sight.

So let us live
To God as if for aye
Our lives to Him belong,
And useful may we be;
So shall we wear
A "starry crown"
And evermore will sing
The Angel's song.

And in the years
To come when we are gone,
Some may recall
Maybe, in later years,
The good that we
Have left behind,
But records compensate
In heaven "best of all."

HENRY B. WILKINSON

Bn. Sgt. Maj. U. S. Army, American
Ex. Forces, Clermont, France.

Handwritten: 7 Negro World N.Y. 2/25/22

O, Africa of our fathers, O Africa of
our sons,
Along the dark horizon line the day
dawn glory runs.
Thine empire has been ours of old,
thine empire ours shall be,
Thy grip is on the world today whose
grip is on the sea.

O, Africa of our fathers, O Africa of
our sons,
Beneath the roar of battling hosts thy
sons shall be set free.
A mother's voice has called us—we
heard it o'er the sea—
The blood which thou didst give us is
the blood we spilled for thee.

O, Africa of our fathers, O Africa of
our sons,
Along the dark horizon line the day
dawn glory runs.
For golden peace is drawing near—her
paths are on the sea—
And grips the heart of all mankind
who stand for Liberty.

O, Africa of our fathers, we are com-
ing back to thee.
Four hundred million gallant strong
have heard thy mournful plea.
Across the ocean's briny waves thy

glory we shall see
And live there on thy fertile soil, in
perfect harmony.

WILLIAM T. HUNTE.

New Aberdeen, Canada.

Preserving Negro Folk Songs Life Work

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE



AMERICANS are so prone to seek in the field just beyond for opportunity and ways of endeavor that it something out of the ordinary that a Southern girl, looking into the background of her youthful days for inspiration, should make it her life work to preserve Negro melodies. She is so adapted to it by tradition and training that it would seem more natural if she should take up something else; settlement work in New York, for instance, or interpreting the foreigner on the Pacific Coast.

Having first surprised everyone, Miss Edna Thomas of New Orleans is making the nature of that surprise exceedingly pleasant. There is something in the songs of the Negro that carries a thrill, and the more inspirational, and the less trained the voice, the greater that thrill. A trained Negro voice today can never carry the message in the voice that swung high and low in "Dat Golden Chariot" at a Negro campmeeting. Miss Thomas attended these campmeetings as a child; she was sung to sleep in the arms of an ole black mammy; she began to sing when only a child, and how natural it was that she should sing, in a little thin voice of a very little girl, the tunes she heard early and late in her home.

"We hear much of the necessity of preserving the folk songs of the foreigners who come to our shores. I do not depreciate their sweetness, nor the artistic loss it would be if they were lost, but in our own country we have melodies just as sweet which were never, until I undertook the work, written to music, and which are just as valuable to history of music.

"The colored folks in the South sing songs which were sung by the Creole ladies of a century ago. The meaning is lost; the words are not as they were in the original; the very tunes have taken on the element of longing, of superstition and of suffering, that one finds in the history of the Negro. It is his soul put to music, and a very bewildered soul it was; long suffering and patient, with the only expression of self left him that which he found in raising his voice in song.

"My work has been one of love. I have learned these Negro folk songs by ear. There was no other way. Then I have set them to music, and, as far as possible, I have caught the words. There is a curious and restful monotony in all their music. I recall one song: "Oh, don't you go down that lonesome road,

(Sung three times without the variation of a note).
Death lurks down that lonesome road,
The clock in heaven has just struck one,
(Sung three times).

"And God's work is just begun."

PITTSBURG PA. DISPATCH
MARCH 26, 1922



EDNA THOMAS

"There are endless verses with little change. A substitution of 'Brother' for 'Sister,' or 'Father' for 'Mother' makes each change a song in itself. Nor, of course, was there any recognition of the rules of grammar, so that I am quite sure I can say with authority that any so-called Negro melody with every noun and verb in perfect accord, is a hoax on the face of it. For instance: A favorite verse of one croon my nurse used to croon ran like this:

"God don't speak like no natural man,

"Speak like a sinner don't understan."

"My work lies in interpreting the type of creole Negro fast passing away, who lived and loved and worked and prayed and sang, troubled by no greater ambition than to be faithful to his mass's interests."

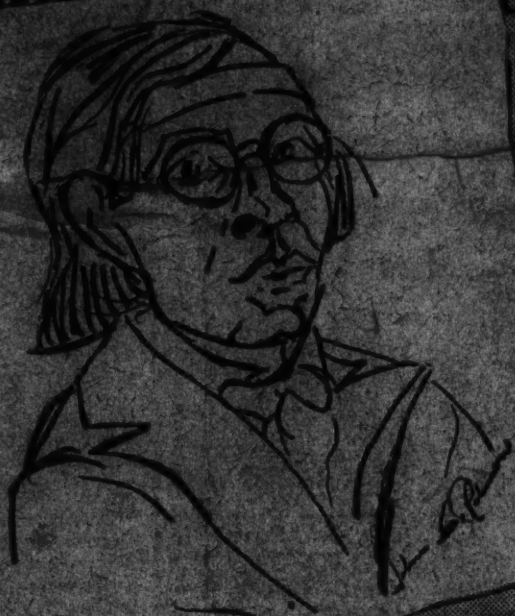
Miss Thomas has been in concert work for three years, mostly in the South. She is the first woman who ever brought out the songs of the plantations of Louisiana. It is a unique and valuable offering to the music lore of America.

[Copyright, 1922, Thompson Feature Service]

UNCLE SAM MAKES ARTIST OF NEGRO

Julian C. Robinson, full blooded negro, an outstanding member of Xavier Martinez' life class, sketching Martinez. And Martinez is pictured holding a sketch he made of Robinson.—The photos were snapped by a Call cameraman.

SAN FRANCISCO CAL CALL
MARCH 4, 1922



decided that he'd make a better sculptor. So he's studying art at the expense of the government instead of ploughing fields and pruning trees. And he's happy to have the opportunity of proving that "a full-blooded negro," as he himself puts it, can excel in art as well as in agriculture.

Robinson paused a moment in his sketch of Xavier Martinez, prominent painter and his teacher at the California School of Arts and Crafts, to justify the aspirations of his race.

"A colored man seldom gets a chance to express himself in the finer arts, but I would like to prove that there is just as much art in me as in anyone else, and that is why I would rise and even excel others as an artist."

"I didn't take up art of my own volition," he said, while Martinez occupied the rest intervals puffing away at his interminable cigarette, or offering a word of direction.

"I wanted to take up agriculture when the government sent me to the university for vocational training, but the chief of the federal board felt that my defective hearing would interfere with my success in that line. I partly lost my hearing when soldiering on the Mexican border," he explained, "so he suggested that I substitute art for agriculture."

SUBJECT IS JESTER

Martinez tossed aside his cigarette as Robinson again turned to his sketch.

"He's a very remarkable boy," he said with a characteristic nod. Robinson sketches easily, carefully, with an eager, boyish interest in his work, and Martinez is an ideal subject who livens up his posing with a humorous observation now and again at which he laughs as heartily as anyone.

"Look at this statue," he said, holding up a wood carving typically African in character. "It is absolutely pure and simple in line and at the same time has the third dimension—depth—which I feel Michael Angelo lacks. Some of my friends call it a 'grotesque,' he added with a shrug and laugh, "but the negro is a pure primitive and has an elemental feeling for line. Roger Fry, painter and former curator of the Metropolitan Museum, New York, backs my contention."

Robinson has studied art since November, 1919, when the government placed him in the California School of Arts and Crafts for vocational training, and he has been in the classes of "Marty," as the pupils of Martinez affectionately call their instructor, since last July.

SEES ARTISTIC GOAL

"Yes, I expect to see Robinson reach his goal," said Martinez. "Why shouldn't we expect something of a negro when he has such a magnificent

War Record Wins Artistic Career for Soldier Injured in Country's Service

By LOUISE M. O'HARA

Julian C. Robinson, negro, wanted to be a farmer, but the government

...of sculpture? His still and
 drawings are quite realistic and show
 a curious touch of abstraction. But
 no art school can make an artist. It
 simply trains and develops that talent
 with which a person has been born,
 and to create new forms you have to
 be "born." I think that Robinson has
 been "born."

As he finished the sketch of his
 instructor Robinson said:

"This shall now be my life work. I
 have dedicated my ambitions and
 whatever ability I possess to prove
 to the world that my race, which has
 the same talents as any other, can
 rise to the same heights in art and
 sculpture as the gifted men of all
 times and nations."

Scullion in Private Home Amazes Critics With Works of Art

Pittsburgh Pa.
 Canvases Star in Recent
 Annual Art Exhibits

4/21/22 American

NEW YORK CITY, April 21.—In
 just about such a manner as the late
 Paul Laurence Dunbar was discov-
 ered and his remarkable poetical
 genius recognized and given to the
 world, in a similar manner has the
 brilliant artist talent of Cecil Gaylord,
 21, living in an unpretentious home in
 lower Manhattan, become the center
 of attraction and the chief subjects for
 the eminent art critics who reviewed
 the paintings at the sixth annual ex-
 hibition of the Society of Independent
 Artists, which was held recently at
 the Waldorf-Astoria.

Mr. Henry Tyrrell, art critic of the
 New York World speaks of the "pic-
 ture-patterned fairylard that Cecil
 Gaylord, an untaught lad, has made of
 the drab houses and dingy streets of
 out-of-the-way Manhattan." To star in
 the Independent exhibit is the "dream
 of every artist," to quote a Greenwich
 villager. Therefore, when a Negro, an
 unknown Negro, is able to get his
 work in, it is of interest. Mr. John
 Sloan, president of the Society of In-
 dependent Artists, told me what he

thought of Gaylord as a painter. "Gay-
 lord," he said, "is a real artist. I
 mention through Roman Marie, a
 whose place on Christopher street he
 is employed as a dishwasher. It seems
 as if the lad has been doing a lot of
 quaint picturesque water-color draw-
 ings of still life—roofed
 chimney pots, old backyard scenes, etc.
 I had him bring up some of his work,
 and after a glance over them I felt
 there was something appealing, inter-
 esting, in them."



One of the War African statues
 presented to Smithsonian Institute.
 Mr. Ward asked his model, "How
 would you look if another man
 were your wife?" The above pose
 was the result. Note the bulging
 facial attitude, the tensed muscles
 and the knife in hand ready to be

GEORGIA THE JOURNAL
 APRIL 11, 1922

MUCH DISCUSSED PAINTING AND ENGLISH CREATOR



There has just arrived in the United States Alfred Wolmark's much discussed painting, "Am I Fit?" which
 is to be publicly exhibited at the annual exhibition of artists at the Carnegie institution, Pittsburgh, April 27.
 "Am I Fit?" was painted during the war and shows a scene in a medical examining board in London. The cen-
 tral figure is a young man being examined by a physician to determine his fitness for the army, while other
 young men, one a Negro, stand waiting. Mr. Wolmark, who lives in London, has painted various canvases in
 recent years which mark a revolution in art, and he has become known as the "Color King of Europe." He is
 the first artist to paint the frame of his pictures to harmonize with the color of the subject he treats. "Am I
 Fit?" has attracted wide attention in London and France, and the critics there regard it as Wolmark's master-
 piece. The colors are said to be marvelous and revolutionary in treatment, and critics and artists in this country
 are looking forward with great anticipation to its exhibition in Pittsburgh.

CECIL GAYLORD



what the critics call still life, why there is a predominance of red and brown and gray—roofs, backs of houses, etc., in this work. Environment!

On the sofa next to me were a batch of books—Caffin's "How to Study Pictures," Van Dyke's "History of Painting," Brige Harrison's "Landscape Painting"—and under a wooden tripod, cans of metallic paint, more books—French classics this time—a stack of bulletins of the Art Students' League, "The Quill," etc.

"Social life?" repeated Miss Silvan. "Well, I always warn Cecil not to keep a whole lot of friends. My mother always—friends bring trouble. Oh, yes, I go up to the Catholic Church. I was baptized a Catholic, you see. Apart from that, I don't see anyone. The folks—the white ones—around here are nice, awfully nice. I wonder where Cecil could be. I am always afraid of trouble—"

She wouldn't let me make the fire. At last, tired waiting, I left her—her arms folded on her bosom, as happy as she could be—entirely ignorant of the fact that her boy's work was on exhibition at the Waldorf.

"Don't ask me nothin' about Cecil's comp-ny," were her last words to me. Up in his studio on Washington Place, however, Mr. John Sloan, president of the Society of Independent Artists, told me what he thought of Gaylord as a painter. "Gaylord," he said, "first came to my attention through Roman Marie, at whose place on Christopher street he is employed as a dishwasher. It seems as if the lad has been doing a lot of quaint picturesque water-color drawings—drawings of still life—roofs, chimney pots, old backyard scenes, etc. I had him bring up some of his work, and after a glance over them I felt there was something appealing, interesting, in them."

"Yes, I believe he has the makings of a great artist. I can see him fighting to express himself. Only one thing I am afraid of—and that is all this publicity. It might go to his head."

At present Gaylord's best friend is Mr. Sloan, who is known from Maine to California as one of America's greatest painters. The chief wing of his art, I found out, is to help struggling artists, and it is indeed gratifying to learn of his keen interest in Cecil Gaylord.

It was not until late that night—the hour he turns to work at Marie's—that I saw Gaylord.

Gaylord is 21, born and grew up in Greenwich Village. Years ago a branch of his family which originally came from the French West Indies, moved to France. This, in a way, accounts for his ability to read French as good as a Frenchman, and his burn-

ing desire to study at the art schools of Paris.

"From my grammar school days I loved to paint. It was a passion—an uncontrollable passion—with me. I'd go without food in order to buy water colors, and right here I want to tell you that the true artist is always broke because his art requires all that he can give—time, study, thought, everything—therefore, he is not able to do anything else but devote his time to his art. I went to the Mechanics' Institute to study free-hand drawing, but after a short time I quit. It didn't do me any good, as the models set for us were masterpieces—and it is manifestly too much to expect a beginner to be able to imitate the masters. I discovered that drawing from the antique was not a very good method."

Of the futurist school, Gaylord steers clear of photographic realism. At the Waldorf exhibit he has four water colors of "Backs of Houses," and a beautiful oil painting of "Still Life." The oil painting which is an imaginative creation of a red candle in a silver holder, a dish of apples and cherries, is the one that captivated the critics.

Gaylord's greatest joy in life, need less to say, is to paint, paint—even if he goes hungry doing it.
DETROIT, MICH., NIGHT.
DECEMBER 31, 1921

Tanner, Negro Painter, Exhibited. RELIGIOUS themes and scenes from the World War have occupied H. O. Tanner, the Negro painter, in the exhibition on view at the Detroit Institute of Arts.

"Christ in the Home of Lazarus" is the subject of the most importance. Here the artist's simplicity, means and effect is apparent in the spotting of the figures against a plain background, but by this means he has produced the maximum of effect by his interpretation of the Christ, which easily dominates. The figures are primitive, in keeping with the times and story. Christ and Nicodemus depicts the two figures seated by the road way engrossed in conversation. While the preceding picture was harmonious in blues, violets, and greens, this picture is all tone, a light pastel green blue. The Return of the Holy Women like so many of his pictures is decorative. The three figures represented almost fill the canvas but by their very size become monumental and commensurate with the greatness of their sorrow. In two pictures he has represented the Flight into Egypt. Both have caught the cold reflected light of the moon. Both are expressive of night, one being very much bluer than the other, however. In two pictures Tanner has reminded us of the late war. Domremy, 1919, represents the house where Jeanne d'Arc was born. The lighted lantern at the door has thrown a glow over

the entire front of the building giving it pleasing gradations. An unusual feature is furnished by the silhouette of the facade itself. The outline of the roof slopes from up in the left hand corner down to the right. This is balanced by the vertical of the tree which stands before it. Neufchateau has caught one of the every day occurrences in the war zone of France. One side of the Gothic chateau is lighted by the beams of a spot light. All is cold and gray. On the left a ration truck badly battered stands by. Doughboys in olive drab, hardly distinguishable, wander about. It is hard to tell whether they are about to move or whether they have been on the march all night long.

Both the Wiggins and Tanner exhibitions will be on view at the Institute until the end of the month.

WASHINGTON D. C. STAR
JANUARY 25, 1922
PAINTINGS ARE SHOWN.

Thirty-Eight Works of Samuel O. Collins, Negro Artist, on Exhibition

Samuel O. Collins, negro artist, has on exhibit in the empty hall of the Shaw Junior High School thirty-eight of his canvases. Themes taken in and around Washington and the Hudson river are treated from a highly individualistic viewpoint.

Mr. Collins received his academic training in the District public schools. He received both inspiration and private instruction from the late E. C. Messer, and continued his art education in the Cooper Union Institute of Art and Science, and the Art Students' League of New York. Works of Mr. Collins have been exhibited at the Atlanta exposition, Society of Washington Artists, Philadelphia Autumn Fair, Gay Street Studio, Greenwich Village and the Public Library of New York. The pictures are on display at the Shaw Junior High School from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. each school day. The public is invited to view the exhibit.

Henry O. Tanner Among Twenty-five Most Eminent Philadelphia and European Artists

The Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh is sending a committee of artists, headed by Homer St. Gaudens, one of the illustrious sculptors, Augustus St. Gaudens, to Europe to bring back to this country a collection of pictures of the most representative artists of the world. This collection of 125 paintings will constitute the twenty-first International Art Exhibit, which will probably be sent on tour throughout the United States, after being exhibited in Pittsburgh.

Henry O. Tanner is among the picked artists from France, of American parentage. The new work which will probably be shown in the exhibit is a serious study of two eastern women, called "Sculptural Figures."

NEGRO ARTIST STARS IN WALDORF ART EXHIBIT

3/18/22
Negro Artists N.Y.
Cecil Gaylord, Dishwasher by Trade, Contributes Five Water Color Drawings to Sixth Annual Exhibit of Society of Independent Artists

By ERIC D. WALROND

Mr. Henry Tyrrell, art critic of the New York World, in reviewing the paintings at the sixth annual exhibition of the Society of Independent Artists, which opened Friday last at the Waldorf-Astoria, speaks of the "picture-patterned fairyland that Cecil Gaylord, an untaught colored lad, has made of the drab houses and dingy streets of out-of-the-way Manhattan." To star in the Independent exhibit is the "dream of every artist," to quote a Greenwich Villager. Therefore, when a Negro, an unknown Negro, is able to get his work in it it is of interest to learn something more than this sketchy item about him.

With this in mind, I rang the bell of an old colonial tenement in the heart of lower Manhattan. After a few minutes' wait an old lady clad in black guided me up to a cold, dark, dingy garret.

"I just got in myself," apologized Miss Sarah Silvan, Cecil's spinster aunt. "I don't know where Cecil could be. Since those Italian friends of his across the street got that car I can never find him. They bought it right after their mother's death. On Saturdays he is always in by this time, because the fire is always going by the time I come in; but there isn't any fire in the stove. I just got in myself."

Outside a hard shower of rain beat against the window pane. Despite the glass of mist one could see—and understand—why the boy-artist had idealized

A NEW BUST OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN
Baltimore Afro-American 2/17/22

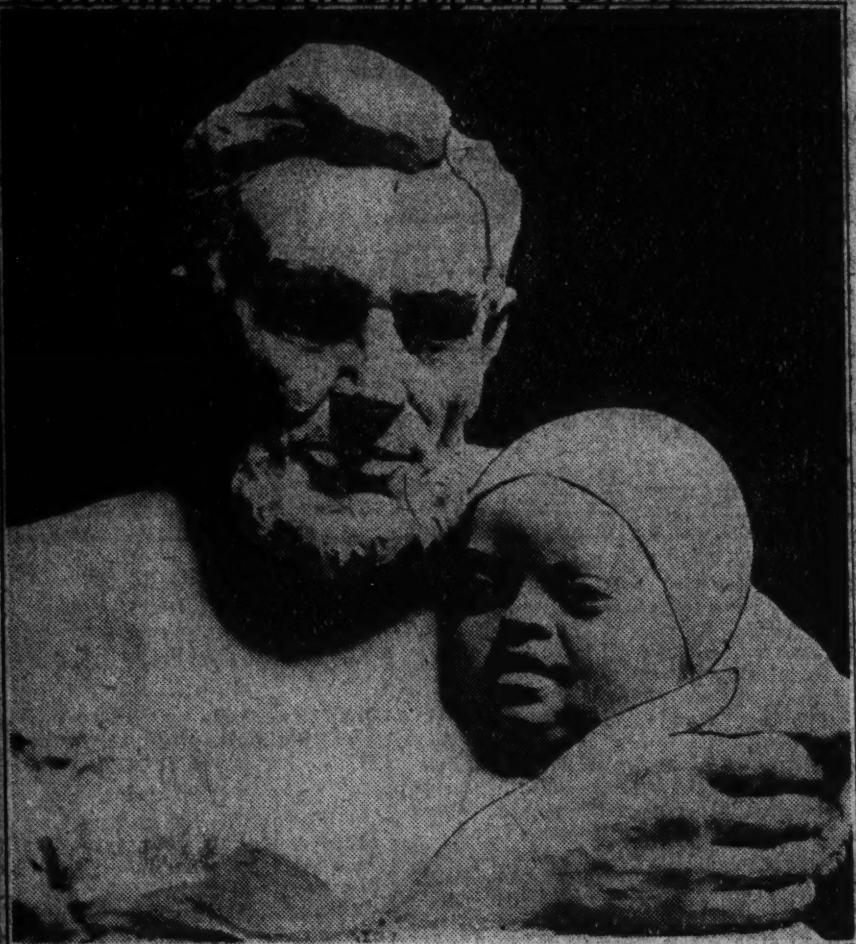


Photo of "The Father of Race," a Lincoln bust by Onorio Ruotolo of New York (sculptor of the Caruso bust recently erected in the Metropolitan Opera foyer) This—one of the most original conceptions of the Civil War president—shows the Great Emancipator with a Negro child—representing the race which he freed from bondage—clasped in his arms. (Underwood & Underwood Photo Copyrighted)

GOVERNMENT CURATOR HAS HIGH PRAISE FOR AFRICAN FIGURE: "MOST BEAUTIFUL IN WORLD"

Houston Tex Informer
 5/13/22 (By the Associated Negro Press.)

Washington, D. C.—"The African figure is the most beautiful in the world," declared Dr. Walter Hough, white, curator of the government's Smithsonian Institute, which has just put on exhibition seventeen African figures.

The sculptures are the gift of the late Herbert Ward, white, who spent five years in the "Congo" with Stanley, "the great explorer," 1884-1889. They were presented by the widow of the dead sculptor recently and accepted on behalf of the nation by Vice President Calvin Coolidge.

Some of the 17 figures have won first prizes in exhibitions abroad and London and Paris are both envious because the collection has finally become the possession of America.

The works include: "A Bankogo Girl," a "Mask of a Negro" and "Mask of a Negro Man," work of 1901; "The Charm Doctor," a fantastic figure, representing a sorcerer or charm doctor performing an incantation; "Sleeping Africa," the recumbent figure of a woman in an outline of Africa typifying the Dark Continent, two productions of 1902. "The Fugitives," a mother, babe and small child fleeing from slave hunters; "A Congo Boy," a head used as a study for one of the other compositions; "The Fugitives," made in 1904; "The Forest Lovers," 1904, representing African natives of the Bantu stock, which furnished most of the slaves brought to America.

Others are "The Wood Carrier," a Senegal girl in half life size, of 1905; "The Idol Maker," a heroic bronze representing a native carving a wooden fetish image, and a very beautiful "Crouching Woman," both of 1906, with a "Fragment," a small bronze; "The Chief of the Tribe," in which heroic bronze Mr. Ward symbolized the weight of primitive government, 1908; "Defiance," 1909; "A Congo Artist," 1910, typifying the rude beginning of art; "The Fire Maker," 1911, a man making fire by the primitive wood friction method, "Distress," 1912, a heroic figure produced at the height of the sculptor's creative power and his last work.

BATTEY "PUTS IT OVER"
 Kansas City, Mo., June 23.—Four phony "Race" subjects were hung by C. M. Battey, instructor in the photographic division of Tuskegee Institute, at the international exhibition of the Photographers' Association of America held here recently. Battey's subjects were selected by the American committee as part of a collection of 100 to represent American photographic art at the British exhibit in London next September.

LISTENING PERIODS

IN THE EFFORT to cultivate an appreciation of the higher standards of music, many of the public schools, especially in the West, are including in their musical courses listening periods. Selections from standard classical compositions are played upon a phonograph; the teacher then gives the children a brief biography of the composer, the name and history of the piece and the kind of music it is. The object is to not only cultivate an appreciation of classical music, but to teach them to recognize the dominant ideas as expressed by the different national groups, and to trace the ideas expressed in the history of the respective groups.

IN THREE of the largest Western cities where this new method has been adopted in the public schools, it was found that boys and girls of our group carried off the honors of every examination; 99.5 per cent against 98.375 per cent, their nearest white competitors, was the record in the Kansas City schools. These facts are particularly significant when viewed in the light of the popular misconception of our attitude toward things worth while. It proves that we have the soul of the great masters of music; that we need only the opportunity to hear and cultivate music of the better class to develop the latent creative ability that is a part and parcel of most of us.

THE WORLD ADMITS—and in this we include a goodly portion of the American people—that the only real, distinctive American music is that produced by us. The spirituals, the jazz and the intermediate compositions and creations have their place and we should be proud of them and foster them as one of the big things we have given the world. While we cannot expect teachers in the white public schools of this country to emphasize the fact that their country has no music of its own except that of the Negro, we can in our own schools, colleges and homes instill this truth into our own youth, that they may in turn spread the truth to their youthful white companions. Listening periods wouldn't be a bad thing for our grown-ups. Many know little or nothing of our own great artists and composers, and knowing little, how can they expect to fight for what is rightfully their own? The soul of the black folks is the soul of America.